



IT is published fortnightly by *Bloom (Publications) Ltd*, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1A 4PF (Tel: 01 437 1312/434 1372) Copyright Underground Press Syndicate. We welcome contributions but can accept no responsibility for unsolicited material. UK distribution by Moore Harness Ltd, 31 Corsica Street, Highbury, N5 (Tel: 01 359 4127) Printed by Daeha Publications Kiddlington, Oxford. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper.



Reading: Bathing Panthers are dragged away; and a casually dressed plain clothes police officer (extreme right) wants to know if he can score.

ENOUGH IS TOO MUCH

Were you at the Reading Festival? More fool you. You heard nothing of the Reading Police Fest, 1971? You're blind, deaf, and also dumb. You're one of those "sincere music fans" the cops were instructed to protect from corruption by drug-pushers? You are welcome.

Harold Pendleton, the promoter who says he has never lost money on a festival, saved himself £300, the amount Release needed to operate for three days. This little economy made him even more popular with the Thames Valley Narcs, solving as it did the time-wasting problem of dealing with people who have legal representation. Plead Guilty, pay the fine, discover the delights of a suspended sentence in rural Berkshire.

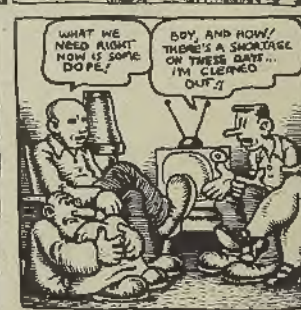
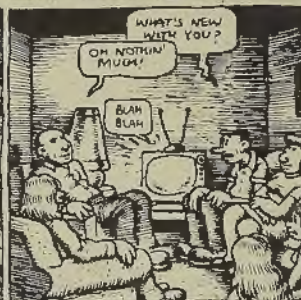
The small BIT team did their valiant best dealing with legal advice for the 130 arrested and collecting a sizeable bust fund. They report fewer bad trips, more drunkenness and attendant violence.

Six members of the London White Panther Party, there to operate a free food programme, were busted when they took a break from the kitchen to swim in the Thames. 'Conduct likely to cause a breach of the peace', they call it in Reading.

The entire Thames Valley Drug Squad were guilty of conduct likely to cause several breaches of the peace. They've had several years' practice.

So you were at Reading?

You must attempt to curb such masochistic tendencies.



TRUE MOUSE TALES

PRESENTS

an under-ground newspaper



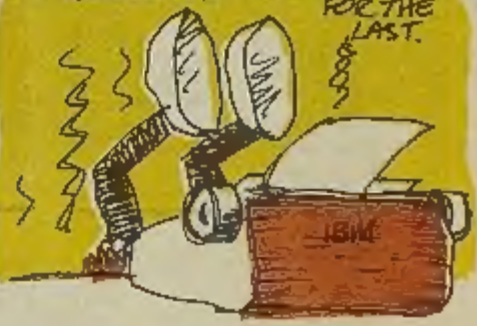
THE EDITOR HACKS HIS DESKS TO PIECES WITH HIS TRUSTY 'OLIVETTI' AND RUNS SCREAMING INTO THE NIGHT!



THE DISTRIBUTION MANAGER HAS RUN OFF WITH THE WAGES AND THE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO A CAVE SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHERN IRELAND



THE TYPSETTER HAS BROKEN DOWN FOR THE FOURTH TIME IN TWO DAYS AND THE OPERATOR HAS FALLEN OVER FOR THE LAST.



DUE TO THE CRIPPLING DOCK STRIKE THE PRINTER HAS BEEN UNABLE TO OBTAIN FRESH SUPPLIES OF KING EDWARD'S SPUDS-VITAL TO THE PRINTING.



THE LAYOUT ARTIST HAS JACKED HIMSELF UP WITH INDIA INK AGAIN AND IS LOCKED IN THE TOILET.



THE ADVERTIZING MANAGER SOLD A FULL PAGE TO OXFAM AND SPLIT WITH BREAD TO ETHIOPIA.



THE LANDLORD A MEMBER OF A WELL KNOWN SICILIAN BASED FAMILY FIRM SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT ARREARS



AND THE MOUSE IN BLUE IS HERE AGAIN WITH ANOTHER THREE OR SEVEN SUMMONSES



HOWEVER...

Dear IT:

We are organising a "Sunshine Fair" whoopee in Sheffield to take place on September 3rd in a larger park. We haven't got all the details finalised yet but here is what we know:

The fair is directed towards frolics, minstrels and street music, street theatre, events and freak-outs, magic and giggling, pure Sunshine. So please come along and frolic. We invite all musicians, dancers, events, human beings, and financial backers to come and sunshine in downtown Sheffield. Some musicians coming are from the Music Lib in Liverpool (ex-Liverpool Scene's) and a fine band called Horse and ... blah, blah, blah. Our telephone number is Sheffield 54399, it is organised under the auspices of SPACE, which is a general info and everything centre.

Love,
Malcolm Luxury-Yot, 47 Crescent Road,
Sheffield 7

Dear IT:

I am writing to you with hope and I feel very strongly about what I say. It is about why the u/g movement has adopted left wing politics and violence as a means towards freedom. In most big cities the freak press has become like a colourful Red Mole (which probably proves that cities are killing everything creative), while our country brothers are producing beautiful papers like Torc, Country Bizarre, Snail, Flower Patch, etc., what has happened? What diverted our path?

How could we be a part of a left wing socialist revolution when we believe in opting out of the rat race, discarding society's values and "rewards", while the left believe in the right to work, higher wages (they support any strike without thinking of the consequences, i.e. if there is a strike at a building site for more money they'll support it even though the builders may be putting up a new office block, building a new motorway), a lot of jobs today are dangerous because they are just producing sterile unnecessary shit like cars, electric toothbrushes, electric perm setters, etc., but still left wing socialists support them because it is in their political interests to do so. No, it is about time we dropped all the fucking quotes from Marx, Bakunin, etc., and our misguided slogans—"Kill The Pigs," "Power To The People", surely we want freedom, so let's be realistic about the situation, no revolution is going to change Mr. Ordinary's mind or alter his consciousness, thanks to papers like IT and Ink (especially). A lot of freaks have got into dead end politics, just read any White Panther material, it looks like stuff from the American youth revolt of 1968 and where have they got to now? From acid to revolution, what a fuck-up. How did it happen? I suppose we must thank all those Marxists (who have good intentions no doubt to end this sick system) who have watched the u/g movement and they've been telling us that mysticism is a middle class escapist thing and that nothing will happen if we all sit on our asses all day waiting for it—we know that, but what do they tell us to do? Lean Widgery sums it up: "organise, lead the workers, blah, blah ..."

What a mess up we've been in but it seems like we're coming through. Friends was doing a lot on worker's struggles, IT was caught up with pseudo violence and race, OZ was being swamped by over-eager lefties and Ink was almost demanding the right to work. Well, now, at last we see our papers going back or forward to what they originally started out as—papers of the alternative society. Every proper festival, i.e. Glastonbury, Phun City, Harmony Farm, etc., is a thousand times more important and beneficial to humanity than any demonstration (which usually ends in violence and achieves nothing anyway).

This society is dying as the changes come into effect we can help it pass away by going with the changes instead of reacting against them, we are not alone in our quest, let us reach out and grasp the forces guiding us. Let us come together, Avalon is a beautiful place, see you there sometime.

Peace,
Dave Burke, 14a Hansard Mews, W14



LETTERS

Dear IT:

After weeks of sitting in the lotus posture, we, the groovy gurus of Liverpool have decided to pool my brains and start an anarcho/mystico magazine—something along the lines of the late and lamented Gandalf's Garden—and we would be grateful if you could help us get the thing off the ground by printing this

letter.

We would like to hear from people who could offer us practical help in producing the mag—if they live on Merseyside—from people anywhere who are travelling the path of enlightenment (Western or Eastern) who could contribute in the forms of articles, poetry, info about their particular scene, etc.,

IT is looking for a designer. We want a bright young thing capable of working easily with several maniacs in conditions of unprecedented squalor. It's worth a living wage and lots of fun. If you're interested, write to "I WANT TO DESIGN IT", 11b Wardour Mews, London W1 telling us why. You'll never regret it.

Dear Reader,

We wonder about you, y'know. We speculate on your habits, fantasize about your activities, and more or less faithfully report your fortunes. But, somehow, we never get to see all 50,000 of you. In a fated attempt to compensate, we want you to send in your photographs—any old snap will do, along with brief autobiographical notes, to "Every Picture Tells A Story", IT, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1. The best ten get published.

FREE MUSICAL COMMUNICATIONS CORNER

Don't be shy of a 3p stamp, write to: "The Free Musical Communications Corner" c/o IT, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1A 4PF. Feel free to advertise yourself, your guitar, amplifiers, rehearsal rooms, names and addresses of agencies, ready formed bands who can't find work, benefit gigs (only), unusual group practices, in fact absolutely anything to do with the development of peoples music within our society with aims of strengthening it.

All ads printed free. No box numbers.

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BASTARD are a horrorshow rock and roll band available for benefits. Contact Nob at Crawley 31329

HAPPY JOHN SMITH (with emphasis on the Happy). My music is my own, it resembles progressive folk. Anyone interested in any aspects of my music should contact me at 27a Redcliffe Gardens, SW10 (01 352 8987).

TWO LEAD GUITARISTS wanted for band into Gong, Hawkwind, Pink's (Fairies) n' Velvet's—own songs help—in band now bass, rhythm, piano, two drummers and girl spice giggle. Best if 16 to 20 otherwise communication impossible. Willing and in hand to play benefits. Own rehearsal pad (free) and van and 400 watt equipment. Not shits. (own stuff helps too!). Gear at your fingertips. Contact (live in Se area) Henry Brackdown at 98 Combo Ave, Blackheath Se3 (01 858 8247)

GUITARIST/WRITER, 100 watt telecaster into velvets, dead, airplane, seeks musicians to form band. Nigel 01 440 5673

Bootleg cassettes for sale. SAE Dave Purrell, 53 Lumley Road, Redcar, Teeside.

DRUMMER. Needs band now before dying of sheer musical frustration. Write or call round (Saturdays?). Duds, 40 Balacava Road, Surbiton.

and indeed from anyone who would like to see an alternative paper devoted to the spiritual revolution.

Thanks, spread your love, am shuntih,
Alan
19 Norma Road, Waterloo, Liverpool 22

Dear Rip Off Mick:

We the re-formed White Panthers (nothing to do with the plastic Abbey Wood chapter) are sick to death reading about how you capitalist haters are running the supposed underground newspapers. WE have just read SHIT 134 and noticed you and Ed have got a book together, we presume it is anti-capitalist, well the question is "How the fuck do you get the strength to put the price of the book at £1.50" and still be able to preach to your readers?

We say you and your friends are ripping the public off by advertising capitalist enterprises, such as Hawkwind tea-shirts and things, price £1.00. A 25 pence ea-shirt with a 5 pence transfer seems to total 30 pence, where does the 70 p profit go? I'll tell you where. To capitalists like you ya PHONEY.

You backed up Jake Prescott in a couple of issues just to fill a space in your paper, now you forget about him because you can't exploit him for any more bread. (The bread which should have went to his defence). You cunts sound to us like you are alcoholics searching for bread to buy more booze! Our eyes are open to pigs like you! Your paper praises all sorts of money-grabbing bastards such as Bob Dylan, Gilbert Shelton, rock bands and John Lennon who is a close associate of Jerry Rubin. They all talk about revolution now, which is all they do—talk.

People should look and see what the Easterhouse White Panthers are doing, it is from people like them (EWP) that the revolution will come.

Print this if you really believe in the truth;

Free Jake Prescott: Right On Charlie Manson.

Lots of hate,
Muswell Hill White Panthers
(no address submitted)

Dear Muswell Hill White Panthers:

You've got to be the dumbest bastards we've ever come across. Not only do you understand nothing about how publishing games are got together in 1972, but you seem to have very little idea of what the national White Panther Party is about. It may seem easy to sit in a West London dungeon and produce issues of an underground magazine for little money and more pleasure, but you idiots have done neither. Newspapers operate on certain business principles. We may not enjoy

these principles, we may even genuinely detest the business procedures, but the horrid, unescapable fact remains that to publish one needs MONEY. Yes, vile, revisionist, corrupting MONEY. Printers, you see, stop printing if they're not paid. Landlords evict, and typesetting companies take away the machine. Get it? It's not that difficult, really. Having digested so much, now for Lesson Two. You seem to be ranting under the illusion that Mick Farren (who incidentally no longer works for IT), and the paper's staff live in conditions of unprecedented luxury, waterbedded ease, and cocained euphoria. You stupid turds. If we were in it for the money IT would have gone under a flood of glossy tits'n ass months, nay, years ago. This paper exists because the people that produce it think it's worth not eating for a day or two to serve people like you as best we can. Sometimes, needless to say, we doubt our sanity.

Incidentally, you could do well to ponder on the elementary fact that, notwithstanding their latterday faults, if it weren't for Dylan, Lennon and even Rubin, you'd probably be selling groceries in Tesco's at this very moment. And to accuse Gilbert Shelton of being a 'money grabbing bastard' merely underlines your shattering puerility. Take it away, Muswell Hill White Panthers, when you crawl out of the cradle the world's your oyster.

IT.

SN8- STATEMENT



LONDON: Believe it or not the trial of the Stoke Newington 8 is still droning on daily at the Bailey and is now in its 12th week. The eight are on trial for their lives, 20 or 25 year sentences are by no means unlikely if they are found guilty.

Since the proceedings got under way on May 30th we have heard a large part of the prosecution's case; the straight press gave the opening sessions full coverage, "Explosives and Machine Guns found in London flat", "Angry Brigade Girl slept with Bedside Arsenal", etc., etc., sensational appraisals of the pigs case, and no mention of the defence. When we score a few good points in cross examination there is not a mention anywhere.

After weeks and weeks of technical evidence we've finally got to having a go at some of the main Special Branch and

CID officer: Sergeant Davies, from the SB, about six foot six tall, black beard and a voice like a fog horn, trained in how to handle explosives and how to avoid answering questions. We kept him in the box for well over a week, his normal answers to questions were, "I'm not sure," "I don't remember," or "You'll have to ask Mr. Habershon." Then we had "first class" Sergeant Gilhom, the guy who led a good few of the raids, he was excellently dealt with in cross examination by John Barker. It has Gilhom that led the raid on 359 Amhurst Road on August 20 when 6 of the 8 were arrested—the flat was done with a warrant under the theft act for Jim and Anna. The pigs tried to say that they had no idea that they'd find anything to do with the Angry Brigade there—despite the fact that all the police taking part on that day were members of the special Bomb Squad. Eventually they were forced to admit that

Jim Greenfield had been on the "bomb suspect list" since April 1971, and then it emerged that a number of other raids were carried out at the same time as Amhurst Road, by officers of higher rank than Gilhom; could it be, we dared to suggest, that the pigs had worked out who they wanted to get on the AB rap and then passed the task of carrying out the dangerous raid onto their lowest ranking raid leader—poor old Andy Gilhom. He must have

been stuffing gold bricks all the way up the stairs. Superiors give themselves the nice safe numbers like raiding empty pads and collecting evidence on Claimants Unions, and he's sent into the hornets nest of mad bombers. Mind you—or so the defence case goes—they did give him two machine guns, 33 sticks of gelignite, 13 detonators, and an automatic shotgun to take with him—just in case the "suspects" were getting a little low on supplies!

This Friday (August 4) is the start of a three week adjournment for the judge to take his holidays, after that the real fun will begin, with arch piggy and ace fit-up merchant, Roy Habershon on the stand, and then ex-boxer Commander Bond the super-brain behind the whole operation. All this will take up a few weeks in September and then it's the turn of the defence to put its case with a vast array of witnesses from all aspects of the political struggle in Britain since 1967 (when the conspiracy is supposed to have started)—the whole show could well drag on until Christmas.

Despite the optimism of the defence, there is still a long way to go and a hell of a lot for the jury to take in and accept before we can think in terms of "not guilty" verdicts.

STOP PRESS: After a year in Holloway, Hilary Creek and Anna Mendleson have been granted bail.

Joe Stirling.



LONDON: At last, from the IT archives, the picture that tells it all. What was Marc Bolen like in 1968? This shot, taken in Blenheim Crescent, W.11, indicates a short, curly-haired young man with a severe tendency to break into a limp and scratch his right ear at the mere sight of a camera.



For those of you who are interested in a report of the Comicon 72 Conference (see *KRUNCH!* below), our reporter files an on the spot account.

SQUELCH!

that's the whole point; get dem folks readin dem mindbendin pages, yas oh yas. No, no it won't work. Look wait a couple of hours and set up in the main hall. No we can't wait that long, all the people will be gone. Somewhat uptight vibes begin to flow as the Crew set up the tables and comics, their raucous sales pitch echoes through the suite.

The silly ciggies and El Boozo are passed round and the comics begin to get looked at, skimmed through and lo, some hit that little recess in the eye of the beholder and the coins begin to flow. Old friends drop in, chat, buy, sell and drift up to the bar. The Golden Shot man Monkhouse drops in and checks through those comics showing great taste and knowledge of cartoonists, cigars and banks. A couple of plainclothes cops come in, snoop around, buy a few comics and flee.

Trading slows down, people sit and watch cuts from 'Star-Treck' the bits you never get to see folks; Capt Kirk and Spock high stepping that polka round the control room of Enterprise and Doc feeling someone's pulse and folding up in uncontrollable fits of laughter, Kirk being held up against a wall by the Comic Brigade and blowing him a kiss so he laughs and drops him. The Auction starts, rare copies of Zap and Up from the Deep fail

to realise their reserve prices and original artwork doesn't find a buyer at all. We dig that most of these people are not into our kind of comics; they are collectors.

More of the Crew arrive and a Largactalite surmounted by a questionmark appears on the bar wall. An entangled waitz with barstool starts and as a waiter, a label on his lapel proclaiming "I am Jack, I'm here to serve" hands round the drinks, John the barman spies the uncomprehending largactalite and calls the Night Manager who appears resplendent in black trousers, grey plastic Tuxedo, Brylcreem and acne. He is upset. The order is given to finish our drinks and leave and he seems enraged at the mutiny when more of the Crew move. The organiser arrives, hopefully to cool the Brylcreem kid out and blows us by agreeing that we are drunk, noisy, unpleasant and a nuisance. The kid becomes apoplex on seeing a Lady Crew member leaving the Gents smilingly, and three of Holborn nick's best greet us as we leave the bar.

Temper flare, a mouse runs across the lobby and is seized by a death defying leap across the carpet, a slight ripple of applause breaks out from the police who assure the organiser that, yes, the Crew had seen a mouse and no, they didn't appear to be so damaged as to hallucinate rodents. The bobbies thoroughly

enjoying the entertainment sadly tell us that if we don't leave we will be arrested.

An irate Crew member being hit by the last straw staggers into the cinema and, caught in the flicker of the projector, screams that the only worthwhile cartoonist amongst them is about to be arrested and what the fuck are they going to do about it. They sit motionless and the question is thrown at them three times with no effect. Disillusioned by the apparent lack of Brotherhood amongst Comic Buffs the Crew member staggers from the room, picks up the cartoonist in question who happens to be sitting incredulously in front of him and says Lets Split.

Comics are packed up, taxis called and we leave saddened that people who are apparently into an art form based on the concepts of banana skins, custard pies, supermen, aliens from other worlds and Bo Bo Bolinsky, get so freaked out by a bunch of fun loving comic purveyors, albeit known as pornographers by the courts, that their only recourse is to dial 999!

To add injury to insult, three of the Crew were beaten senseless by strangers as they alighted from their Taxi in an attempt to stop what comics remained from being stolen. Oi vay.

Get Cox

LONDON: The downstairs suite of the Waverley Hotel is packed with freaks, odd looking people, in their Saturday casuals and straight comic collectors, all milling round surrounded by piles of old posters, tables which groan under the weight of old Marvels, 1944 EGs, Eagles, Beanos, Comic Cuts. Hoards of pages being turned, lists checked, gazes of admiration being cast on 'mint conditions', prices and swaps negotiated and sealed. All those folk seriously intent on the subject at hand—Comics.

The happy teenage organisers sit with their enrolment forms, leaflets, badges, rubber stamps and cash boxes, but no drawing pins or sellotape as they would damage the hotel's walls. The

scene is set: two days of rapping and listening, buying and selling, eatin' and boozin' all centred around those things you love to read.

The PTA raffle feeling of the place is somewhat disturbed by the arrival of the NASTY TALES CREW as they stumble downstairs clutching their boxes of precious cargo: Zaps, Furry Freaks, Mr Naturals, Bents and Binky Browns together with those infamous Nastys. Ugh. The organisers are approached and asked to "take us to our stall" so we can market 'dem comics. Sorry, no tables left, wait for a few hours, we'll see what can be done. Hmmm. The Crew is restless and scurry off soon to discover a pristine hoard of tables cowering in a cupboard. Proudly they are borne aloft. Look what we've found Mr Organiser Sir, we'll just erect them here, nice an near the entrance, catch all dem crowds. No can't put them there, cause crowding and congestion. But

KRUNCH!

What is a fanzine? A fanzine is a magazine produced by fans of a certain subject, generally containing articles about that subject. If the subject is saleable then the fanzine will most certainly act as a mart, and if it involves art, it will probably also act as a showcase for amateurs to imitate their professional idols. Most subjects have a following (which can be aptly termed as a fandom) who produce fanzines, and comics are no exception.

Unfortunately, just about anyone can produce a fanzine, and in the past many fans have used this liberty—all you need are a duplicator (preferably one that works), some stencils and a typewriter (though I've seen a couple of zines in the past few years with this luxury missed out), and there you are—a fanzine! Oh, but how wrong you are—what are you going to put in your zine? Some crap about the latest issue of Lois Lane, or a comic strip on the battle of the century between Superman and the Hulk? Maybe if you're lucky, a checklist of the number of times old Supie's been weakened by Green Kryptonite (before the change) with details of writer/artist/inker/letterer/colourer and what colour toilet paper they used that morning. Fanzines aren't what they used to be, and thank God for that! At the moment we're lucky—the zines are mainly of high quality, and haven't reached the degree of absurdity that many American zines are or were at. Take the 5 dollar whopper for example—a full colour cover by Frazetta, two strips of his, a portfolio, his finger prints, and all this in eight pages 100, and if I say any more I'll have some fans jumping down my throat.

(To mention Frazetta in any sort of off-handed manner is to invite permanent injury from any one of his many fans, and besides I really like him too!)

We're doing just fine in Britain. If you are interested in seeing what comics really mean to us, or are interested in comics, then I'd suggest you take a look-see at one of the below listed zines, each of which have their own distinctive qualities.

COMIC CATALOG (now **COMIC MEDIA**) no.6 (August '72); news, articles, ads (Doc Savage), 56pp, six weekly, 15p from Nick Landau and Richard Burton, 22 Woodhaw, Egham, Surrey TW20 9AP

COMIC MEDIA no.2 (March '72); articles, interview (Bristow), 52pp, 20p from *Nick Landau, 10 Ladbroke Walk, London W11 3PW

EUREKA no.3 (August '72); quarterly, art, strips (Jeff Hawke), 40pp, 20p from Ron Tiner, 5 Twynham Close, Downton, Salisbury, Wilts

FANTASY ADVERTISER no.45 (Aug '72); six weekly, ads, strips, 32pp, 10p from Derek G Skinn, 116 Western Road, Goole, Yorks

FANTASY DOMAIN no.1 (July '72); monthly, news, 10pp, 6p from Rob Barrow, 212 Grange Road, Plaistow, London E13 0HB

FANTASY UNLIMITED no.8 (July '72); bimonthly, ads, 40pp, 10p from Alan Austin, 47 Hesperus Crescent, Millwall, London E14 9AB

ORPHEUS no.1 (March '71); irregular, articles, strips (Barry Smith, etc), 64pp, 25p from Steve Moore, 7 Hillend, Shooters Hill, London SE18

UNICORN no.5 (July '72); irregular, articles, strips (Wood, Tarzan, etc), 40pp, 25p from *Mike Higgs and Phil Clarke,

221 Appleton Ave, Birmingham B43 5QE
*for enquiries about comics unavailable in this country

Terminology: Fanzines: fan-produced magazines, general term. Adzine: advertisements orientated at fanzine. Newszine: news orientated fanzine.

These are three terms including all you really need to pass yourself off as a fan of the genre, but if you want to be really cultured then you should at least know all about amazines, apazines, genzines, ompazines and poezines.

So this generally covers the best of the limited edition press currently available and produced in this country. The limited edition press is an appropriate term, too, since the circulation of these mags can range from anything in the region of 100 to a little over 1000—not much, when you think about it. But it all depends upon demand—there is not much demand for these mags, not because it does not exist, but because the potential consumer does not know that the mag exists. And that is why a column like *KRUNCH!* is important! Not only does it inform you what is happening in the world of comics, but it also helps to make contact between fan eds and people interested in comics, helping both parties.

NEXT ISSUE: Does anyone still care to know what happened at COMICON? No, I didn't think so. If I'm still alive, you should get some more news on the new comics and details of an up-coming Mini-Con.



By NICK LANDAU.

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On October 9, 1971, at Firebase Pace near the Cambodian border in Vietnam, a fifteen-man platoon was ordered on a night ambush patrol. Most of the platoon, part of Bravo Company of the First Cavalry Division, considered it a suicide mission and six refused to go. The next morning they were threatened with a court-martial. This is the first complete report of the rebellion at Firebase Pace. It is part of a book by Richard Boyle, *The Flower of the Dragon*, soon to be published in America by Ramparts Press.

MUTINY AT FIREBASE PACE



October 9, 1971
Firebase Pace, South Vietnam

FROM the air, Firebase Pace looked like an ugly, square brown scar carved out of the thick green forest. The base straddled Route 22, a muddy unpaved road which serves as the main route from the Cambodian border to Saigon. Pace was protected by several sections of barbed wire, rocket screens, and an outer trench system three sandbags deep. But even with this protection, the one hundred artillerymen manning the two eight-inch and two 197-mm guns had suffered nearly three dozen casualties in the first two weeks of the North Vietnamese Army (NVA) offensive. One of the big guns had already been knocked out by NVA fire and the artillery battery was gradually being whittled down. Something had to be done to protect them, and it was obvious the South Vietnamese weren't doing the job. There were fifteen South Vietnamese armoured personnel carriers three kilometers down the road that had the potential to knock out the NVA mortar rocket positions, but they stood idle—neither moving nor firing.

Relations between the South Vietnamese and the Americans at the base were strained. A heavy layer of barbed wire and sandbagged defenses separated the two compounds. The two "allies" did not intermingle at the base.

Captain Robert Cronin, commander of the Bravo Company ground troops at Pace (although, according to the Military Assistance Command for Vietnam there were no American Ground Troops stationed at Pace) briefed me on the military situation.

Bravo Company had been sent in three days earlier when another company of the First Cavalry had been pulled out in normal rotation policy.

Cronin was facing a serious tactical dilemma. The North Vietnamese had built an extensive underground bunker complex inside the tree-line along the Cambodian border just six hundred meters from Pace's north-eastern perimeter. From these bunkers, NVA gunners would set up a mortar tube or rocket launcher, fire, then duck hastily back into their tunnels.

During the three days I was at the ARVN camp, I had noticed the track commander marking red dots

on his map every time a North Vietnamese position was sighted. By the third day his map looked like it had chickenpox. I am no military expert, but I could tell the battle was not going the way the generals were saying.

The electronic battlefield, the pride of the American military establishment, was being thwarted by troops using the same kinds of mortars used in World War I. Cronin knew it, his superiors knew it, and his troops knew it.

Just as we were discussing the tactical situation, a mortar round landed about twenty yards from us. "See what I mean?" he said after we ducked into the TOC (Tactical Operations Center). "Somebody has to get those mortars."

Lt. Col. Robert J. McCaffee, the operations officer at Pace, had just arrived. He was very military, proud and erect. McCaffee did not stay in Pace at night; he commuted daily from Tay Ninh in his own chopper.

"We're clobbering them, and clobbering them good," said McCaffee. "We got fifteen hundred bodies!" "That's interesting, Colonel," I said. "How do you know?" He said patrols were sent out to count the bodies. I recalled that in my time with ARVN outside the base I hadn't seen anyone going out to count bodies.

The men at Pace were surrounded. The North Vietnamese had cut the road to the north and had massed troops along the southern portion of Route 22. From Pace we could see the endless parade of ARVN wounded limping back up the road toward the base.

THE men and rats were battling for control of Pace, and the rats were winning. There are probably no bigger or meaner rats than Vietnamese rats. I had seen rats eating the dead at Ben Het. You could kick them in the head and they'd just leap for your leg, biting at your boot; scores of them scurrying all around, furry and black. Thirty years of war had done something to the Vietnamese rat's evolution, making it tougher, better able to compete with humans.

"Close the door," said the cook, "so the rats won't get in."

"Sure," I said as I pulled the door shut.

From the cook's booth I could see some of the troops of Bravo Company sitting on a pile of sandbags, passing a "bowl" of marijuana. These were the "grunts," the men who had been "doughboys" in World War I and "dogfaces" in World War II.

I walked over to the grunts sitting on the sandbags. One of them quickly hid the bowl behind his back. This was my first meeting with Al and Hook and the other grunts of the second platoon.

"Can I have a hit?"

He hesitated for a minute then broke into a grin and handed me the bowl.

"What are you man, CID?" (The Central Intelligence Division is responsible for drug busts, surveillance and arrest of deserters and activists among GIs in Vietnam).

"No, I'm a reporter."

"No shit."

We sat on the sandbags, passing the bowl, looking out across no-man's land toward that ominous tree-line in Cambodia. We knew they were watching us as we sat exposed on top of the bunker, but you can't spend all your time inside the bunker with the rats. You've got to come up for air sometimes. And you figure you'll never get hit, anyway.

"Incoming!" somebody shouted suddenly and we scrambled for machine-gun bunker five.

"Shit, man, that was close."

"Too close."

"Asshole dinks, tryin' to do us when we're doin' a bowl," grumbled one of the men as he grabbed a rifle and fired two rounds at the NVA rocket gunner in the tree-line about three hundred meters away.

"Sit down, man," said another grunt. "you wanna draw fire?"

It was a very personal war there at bunker five. Only a short distance separated us from the North Vietnamese soldiers; after a while we sort of felt like we knew each other.

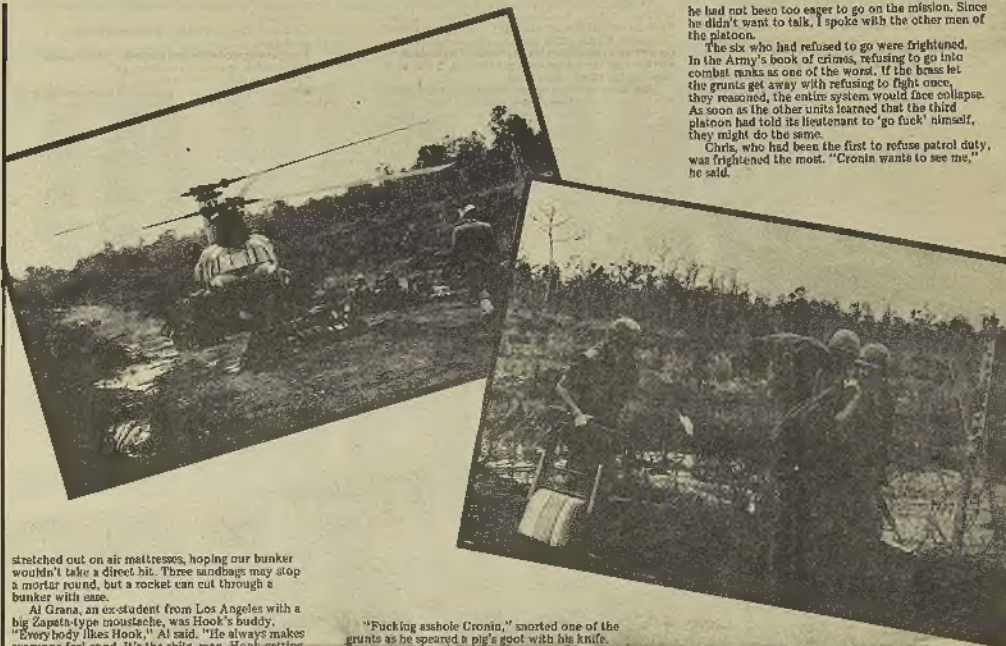
"Incoming!" We dropped to the floor of the bunker, crouching next to the safety of the bunker wall. That round hit with a deafening crash, even closer than the last.

At first we didn't see that one of the grunts—Hook—was hit. He didn't say anything. The blood pumped out of his temple in quick spurts and flowed down his face dripping down his shirt. Slowly he touched his temple with a jerky movement and looked at the blood on his fingers. Then he looked at us. "I'm only twenty-one days 'short.' I don't want to die."

None of us moved. We just watched the blood squirting out of Hook's temple. It was like a bad dream where something is happening but you can't move.

"You're not going to die, Hook," one of the men said as he gently laid him down. Soon some medics came and carried him to the medical bunker. We dove into a curved underground bunker as more shells hit around us. A candle flickered as about eight of us

"I had seen rats eating the dead at Den Het. You could kick them in the head and they'd just leap for your leg, biting at your foot..."



stretched out on air mattresses, hoping our bunker wouldn't take a direct hit. Three sandbags may stop a mortar round, but a rocket can cut through a bunker with ease.

Al Grana, an ex-student from Los Angeles with a big Zapata-type mustache, was Hook's buddy. "Everybody likes Hook," Al said. "He always makes everyone feel good. It's the shits, man, Hook getting it."

We all hoped Hook would live, but nobody talked about it. We didn't even know how badly he was wounded. Hook had been talking earlier about going home. "Hey, I'm just twenty-one days' short today!" Hook, like all the grunts, counted off each day left in Nam. Some carved notches on the bunker, others wrote it on their helmets; every man knew how many days "short" he was. The grunts are most scared when they first arrive and when they're "short." The shorter they get the worse it is. They see too many of their buddies get it just before going home. It was a jinx. "Charlie ain't lettin' you go, man," they'd say.

A little while later we got bad news from a sergeant of the third platoon. They couldn't get a Medevac for Hook because the tiling was too low for a chopper to land.

"They've picked up mass movements of dinks on the radar," said the sergeant. "Maybe up to four thousand of them."

"Whattya think they're goin' to do?" one of the grunts asked.

"Who knows, but it don't look good."

Then he dropped the bombshell. "Cronin's sending fifteen men from the third platoon out at 2100 on a night ambush."

"You gotta be shittin' me, man," said one of the men to the sergeant.

"No," he answered. "They're getting ready now." The sergeant left and the men started talking about the mission.

"They gotta be insane to send fifteen guys out beyond the burr (base perimeter). Fifteen guys against a whole regiment of dinks."

"If they get hit, there'll be no Medevacs."

"Sure as fuck ARVN won't try to help them."

"Most of those guys are newbies, man, they won't know what in the fuck to do if they're hit."

"This is madness," Al said. "This whole thing is just insane. Man, nobody gives a shit about us."

AL AND I talked for over an hour. He wondered what people back in the States would think if they knew what was going on. I told him I didn't know. "Nixon's already made a speech saying offensive action is ended over here," he pointed out. "But we're still goin' out on patrol."

Somebody asked the time. The patrol would be going out in a few hours.

"Somebody's got to do something to stop this shit," said Al. "Hook got it today. Those fifteen guys from the third platoon are going to get it tonight. Tomorrow it'll probably be us. This shit has got to be stopped."

Later in the evening, when the shelling stopped, we crawled out of the bunker and walked over to machine gun bunker five. One guy's mother had sent him a bottle of pickled pig's feet and he was passing them around.

"I don't know, probably a court-martial."

The sergeant explained that Lt. Robert Shuler, the third platoon leader, had received the order from Cronin to ready his men for the night ambush mission. Then, while Shuler was giving his men instructions, one of the grunts, Chris, told him: "Go fuck yourself, I ain't goin'."

"No shit!" hooted one of the men. "That crazy Greek fucker Chris has really got balls."

"What did Shuler do?" asked another.

"He said, 'What could he do?' said the sergeant. 'Then five more guys said pretty much the same thing—that they weren't goin' either. I don't think they're gonna send any of 'em out now.'"

"Whooooo!" shouted one of the grunts, raising the clenched-fist salute. Some of the others slapped skin palm to palm.

"What do you think they're going to do to them?" one of the men asked the sergeant.

"I don't know. Probably a court-martial."

That night, the men of Hook's platoon decided to hold a meeting in the morning and keep in contact with the other platoons. "We got to stick together," one of them said. "They can't fuck with us now."

The next morning in the chow line we heard that Cronin was drawing up court-martial papers for each of the six men who had refused to go on the night ambush. Refusal of a direct order usually got a grunt five years at Leavenworth, and the men of Hook's platoon were talking about it.

Hook still hadn't been executed, although we knew now that he would be alright. He came over to say goodbye after breakfast, which was the traditional Army standby: eggs, bacon, and the mushy brown porridge grunts call "SGS—shit on the shingles."

"I couldn't sleep much last night 'cause it hurt too much," said Hook. "But I feel all right now."

"Hey man, you're goin' home! Fucking bastard," said one of Hook's buddies, smiling broadly.

Al came over to me after breakfast. He asked if I'd ever met Ted Kennedy.

"Why?" I asked.

"I've got an idea," he replied, but refused to elaborate. "I'll tell you later."

Later in the morning Al accompanied me to the third platoon's bunker and we talked with Lt. Shuler, the platoon leader.

"What happened last night?" I asked.

"Oh, not much."

"I know about it already, Lieutenant." I confronted him. "Tell me the truth; did you want to go your self?" He said nothing but his manner suggested that

he had not been too eager to go on the mission. Since he didn't want to talk, I spoke with the other men of the platoon.

The six who had refused to go were frightened. In the Army's book of crimes, refusing to go into combat ranks as one of the worst. If the brass let the grunts get away with refusing to fight once, they reasoned, the entire system would fall apart. As soon as the other units learned that the third platoon had told its lieutenants to "go fuck" himself, they might do the same.

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"If the brass let the grunts get away with refusing to fight once, they reasoned, the entire system would face collapse."

There were about seven of us in the bunker, stretched out. When McCaffrey stuck his head in the bunker, one of the grunts said in a low voice—but loud enough for the colonel to hear—"Here comes the scum-bag-s." McCaffrey pretended not to hear.

None of the grunts jumped up or saluted as military regulations demand; in fact, they ignored the colonel entirely. McCaffrey was visibly uncomfortable. He looked at me and said it was dangerous for me to be in the bunker. "You know they have rocket positions in that tree-line over there," he said. "A direct hit would blow this place up."

There was silence for a few moments. Then one of the grunts turned to me. "You don't have to go, man." Another cleared the bolt of his M-16 with a loud clank.

"I'd better move along," said McCaffrey, backing away from the showdown. The men watched sullenly as he walked outside and pretended to inspect one of the bunkers. He lifted up a tarpaulin canopy. "It looks okay," he said to his aide, who promptly stuck out his chest.

"What a fucking idiot," said one of the grunts loudly. "No wonder we're in such a mess, with shill-hearts like that running this place."

After McCaffrey left, one of the grunts from the first platoon came over to bunker five and said there were already forty-six signatures on the petition. He also told us the lifers were warning the men not to sign it. "A lot of grunts are scared," he said.

At figured they had to get a solid majority of the one hundred men in the company to sign the petition if they wanted to save Chris and the others from being court-martialed.

"We'll get the signatures," he said. "I know we will!" There was a growing sense of camaraderie and solidarity in Bravo Company.

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The men agreed to pass the word to the other platoons: nobody fires unless fired upon. As of about 1100 hours on October 10, 1971, the men of Bravo Company, First Cavalry Division declared their own private ceasefire with the North Vietnamese. For the first time since they got to Pace, it was all quiet on the Cambodian front.

Now there were no longer only two sides; there were four sides at Pace. There were the lifers, the grunts, the South Vietnamese (who seemed almost like spectators), and the North Vietnamese, who could be massing for a final attack on Pace. To the grunts, the lifers were the enemy more than the North Vietnamese.

Al came back from the meeting with the other platoons and reported that they now had sixty-six signatures on the petition—two-thirds of the entire company.

"Rich, what if they try to cover this up—say it never happened?" he asked me.

"That's very likely." The Army had certainly done it before, with the My Lai massacre and with the ARVN defeat in Laos which was called a victory.

"They may simply say this never happened," I said. "How can you have a revolt in a unit that doesn't exist? They'll say I'm crazy or that I made up the whole story to get publicity for myself. When it comes down to it, who do you think people will believe?" I asked. "Me, or the word of the whole U.S. Army?"

"I don't know," I said. "I know we will!" There was a growing sense of camaraderie and solidarity in Bravo Company.

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happened at Firebase Pace. I decided to make as big a fuss as possible.

"Bullshit! The only way I'm leaving this plane is to be dragged off."

The purser came over and advised: "We're under Vietnamese fire here, so you better go."

"Tell them that if they want me they're going to have to come up here and get me, and if they do that, there'll be one hell of a fight right here on your fucking airplane with everybody watching." I was making a lot of noise.

"You must be crazy," said the purser.

"I don't give a shit what you think, just tell them what I said."

He hurried away.

Twenty long minutes had passed when finally a new man came and said quietly, "They said you could go."

The engine started up and the plane taxied down the runway. As the plane left the ground, I felt like a prisoner who has made it over the wall. I was free—almost.

"Are you Mr. Boyle?" An unsmiling man at the Honolulu airport customs station flashed a badge with a gold eagle on it.

"Yeah, why?"

"Would you please come with us?"

"What for?"

"Step this way please."

Four men then took me into a small room.

"Do you have any tapes?" asked the one with the badge.

"Why do you want to know?"

He searched me and found the tape from Firebase Pace. He looked at it over carefully.

I was desperate. "Do you know that that tape is for the Congress of the United States?" I demanded.

"Do you know the penalty for contempt of Congress?"

The agent was startled. He looked at me for a moment and then handed the tape back. I was back in the U.S. with the tape and the petition to Sen. Kennedy still safely in my possession.

Soon after news of the mutiny at Firebase Pace got out, the Army shipped Bravo Company away to a quiet firebase north of Saigon named Timbuktu. A new group of GIs, Delta Company, was brought in to Pace, but they too refused to do any fighting there. The Army was finally forced to pull U.S. troops out of the base completely.

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"The dark of night fled with your lips,
The witch king heard you pray."

The Singer stood insolently, heel of one foot pressed against the instep of the other. One hand rested on his hip, while the other stabbed towards the audience with the index finger. Heavy rings flashed reflections of the spotlight. Sweat soaked the black satin shirt, making it stick to his thin chest, and formed tiny rivulets from under the Indian silver collar.

"And sent storm for you to come
in your own unnatural way."

The Guitar Player joined in the last line, moving up to his microphone in the characteristic lurching strut. After singing the harmony he retreated, dipping and twisting his body as he smashed out the jarring chord pattern that followed each verse.

"C'mon an' help me!"

The Singer screamed and retreated in a series of jerks as the two guitarists prowled forward for the final break.

The song built to a frenzy, the guitarists moved back to form the arrogant corner punk group that was the band's normal stance.

With his back pressed against the stacked amplifiers, the Singer unlooked his chain belt and advanced towards the audience. His voice rose over the howling instruments as he began swinging the sparkling belt above his head like a whip.

"Unnatural, disgusting,
Degraded, depraved,
Corrupt, and, oh baby ..."

The fury of the band rose behind him.
"I'm gonna dance ..."

He snapped the belt over the heads of the front row, who strained forward as he contemptuously ground his hips.

"All over your ..."

The band stopped dead with precision timing.

"Grave!"

The final word hung in the air, and, before the audience had realised that the show was over, the band had raced from the stage.

John Henry made for the exit. Most of the audience was on its feet, clapping and stamping for an encore, but John Henry knew from experience that there would be no encore. The band would already have left the theatre.

He took a cab directly to the band's hotel. It was only a couple of blocks, but by the time he got there a small crowd of tennis was beginning to form, and cops guarded the entrance.

He paid the driver, and elbowed his way through the crowd of excited hoppers. A purposeful walk got him past the line of cops and into the foyer. None of the hotel staff attempted to stop him as he made his way to the lift. Everyone assumed he was part of the band's entourage.

He had already discovered which suite the band occupied and he hurried out of the lift and down the corridor.

He knocked and waited for a while, then someone who looked like a roadie stuck his head round the door.

"Yeah!"

"I'd like to talk to somebody with the band."

"Who are you?"

"John Henry."

"So?"

"I take care of a lot of business in this town."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"You got dope?"

"You name it."

The door opened wider.

"You'd better come in."

The roadie led him into the lounge. The Guitar Player and the Drummer were sprawled in armchairs and three women sat on the floor. A portable eight track

machine blared B.B. King while a colour TV ran an unwatched vintage Western with the sound turned off. As the roadie led him in, the Drummer looked up.

"Who's this?"

The roadie glanced at John Henry.

"Claims he's the local McDope."

"Oh really? He'd better sit down then."

The roadie indicated a sofa.

"You'd better sit down."

John Henry felt a slight annoyance at the way the band seemed unwilling to talk directly to him. They might be big, but shit ...

The roadie sat down next to him.

"What did you bring?"

John Henry hesitated, he disliked being hustled like he was the milkman or something.

"I brought a bit of dope, maybe I should roll a joint."

"Give me the dope, I'll do it."

Again John Henry thought that their rudeness was unnecessary, but he pulled the large lump of hash from his boot and handed it to the roadie, who sniffed it.

"What is this?"

"Nepalese."

"Yeah? How much is there?"

"Half a weight."

"Okay."

He put the dope on a coffee table and picked up a packet of skins and began pulling some out.

"What else can you show us?"

John Henry felt in his inside pocket.

"I've got some coke."

"What?"

"Pharmaceutical."

"How much?"

"An ounce."

"Scaled?"

"Of course."

"Okay."

The roadie finished building the joint, and then, without fighting it, stood up and walked into another room. For a while John Henry sat on the sofa, apparently forgotten. Then the Singer came into the room. He was still wearing the black satin trousers and white boots he had worn on stage. He had taken off his shirt, but the silver collar was still fastened round his neck. Close up he looked smaller than he had at the concert.

A girl in the full tit-mag drag of stockings, suspenders and boots followed him into the room. In one hand he held a cigar, and in the other a joint. He handed the joint to the Guitar Player and then came over to where John Henry was sitting.

"So you're the friendly neighbourhood dealer?"

He took a long drag on the cigar and puffed the smoke above John Henry's head.

"You could say that."

The Singer sat down next to him. The girl sat on the floor so her breast was against the Singer's knee. Casually he raised his other leg, placed his boot between her breasts and pushed. She toppled over and lay giggling. Grinning, the Singer looked at John Henry.

"I understand you got some coke."

"Yeah."

"How much do you want for the hash and the bottle of coke?"

John Henry wondered if they were going to haggle. He picked a high figure.

"Seven hundred for the lot."

The Singer didn't answer. He was watching the girl, who now lay, legs spread, looking up at John Henry and the Singer. The Singer placed his boot on her patch of pubic hair so the high heel was between her thighs. Slowly he began to move his foot around. The girl moaned, and began to squirm on the floor. Without

YOU NAME IT

A Story of our Times by Mick Farren Illustration by William Stok



stopping, he glanced at John Henry.

"I guess that's okay, Charlie'll pay you." He looked round towards the door, and yelled.

"Hey Charlie, bring a mirror and a razor blade. Oh, and seven hundred in cash."

A moment later the roadie appeared carrying a mirror and a bundle of large bills. He handed the bills to John Henry and took the bottle of coke. He broke the seal, and began to divide it into lines.

The coke went round, and John Henry was comforted by the fact that, at least, he hadn't been left out.

The Singer continued to play with the girl on the floor. The three other girls sat watching, while the two musicians stayed slumped in their chairs, silently ignoring the game. The Singer sent Charlie into the bedroom to fetch a thin riding crop, with which he occasionally flicked the girl who continued to wriggle and moan on the floor.

Without warning, the Guitar Player produced a Polaroid camera and began taking photographs, which he each time pulled out of the camera and discarded almost without looking at them.

John Henry tried hard to look uninterested.

Suddenly the Singer looked at him again.

"You don't have any other fun goodies?"

It was John Henry's big moment. He took it slowly.

"I do have a bottle of this weird stuff."

He pulled a small bottle from his pocket.

"I made a run to Peru a couple of months ago, and I brought this from a cat at the Bolivar. He said he bought it from an Indian who had scored it from some people way out in the jungle."

The Singer raised his eyebrows.

"You're kidding?"

"No really. I know it's a weird tale, but you just need to try it, it's an amazin' high."

"What's it like?"

"It's really hard to describe."

John Henry passed over the bottle, the Singer opened it, peered at the contents and sniffed.

"It looks like coke."

"It's a totally different buzz. I suppose the nearest thing is DMT, but it goes a lot further."

The Singer held up the bottle and stared at it.

"Is this all you've got?"

"Yeah, it's all the cat brought out of the jungle."

"Okay, how much?"

John Henry thought for a moment.

"If it was coke I'd want about two hundred, but, then again, there's the rarity value."

The Singer scowled.

"Don't hustle me. You'll settle for four hundred."

"For sure!"

The Singer stood up and motioned to Charlie.

"Get him another two hundred."

John Henry registered surprise.

"I thought you said four?"

"You get the bread for rarity value when we find out it's not a con. Okay?"

John Henry shrugged.

"Okay."

The Singer pulled the girl to her feet, and began casually squeezing one of her nipples between his fingertips.

"I think the party's going to start, and I think you'd better split. I'll call you tomorrow."

John Henry stood up.

"Okay, I'll see you later."

The Singer picked the two bundles of notes off the table and handed them to John Henry.

"Yeah, later."

John Henry made for the door. As he opened it, he looked back across the room. The Singer had twisted the girl's arm up behind her back so she was bent double, and was whipping the riding crop across her bottom while the Guitar Player watched blankly.

The phone woke John Henry the next afternoon. It was Charlie.

"Listen man, the band want to see you. How soon can you get over to the hotel?"

"I dunno, I just woke up."

"Could you make it in an hour?"

"Yeah, I suppose so."

"Okay."

There was a click as he hung up.

John Henry dressed quickly, drank a Pepsi from the fridge, and went out to look for a cab.

This time, when Charlie led him into the lounge of the hotel suite, the whole band was there. Charlie indicated an armchair. Although the band lounged about smoking dope, the way they had arranged themselves in a rough semi-circle, all facing him, gave the room the air of some kind of tribunal. A faint twinge of fear crossed John Henry's mind. Maybe something had gone wrong with the drug from the jungle.

There was a long silence. Finally the Other Guitar Player spoke.

"That was good shit you brought us last night."

"Yeah? You liked it?"

"It was really beautiful. Saying it was like DMT didn't describe it at all."

"Did you all have some?"

"Yeah, we did it up together. We ain't slept yet."

There was another silence, then the Singer spoke.

"That stuff's left us with a couple of problems."

John Henry shifted nervously in his seat.

"Problems?"

"Nothing you need worry about. I think we can take care of them. We just want some information."

"Sure, anything. What do you want to know?"

"Well ... First question is, do you have any more?"

John Henry shook his head.

"No, I sold you all of it."

"Okay. Have you had any?"

"Sure. I did some when I first got it and a couple of times since."

"Aah."

There was a pause while the Singer stared at John Henry.

"Did you give any to other people?"

"No."

John Henry began to feel uncomfortable.

"What is all this, didn't you like the stuff?"

The Singer smiled.

"It was beautiful, I was just checking a couple of things."

John Henry looked puzzled.

"What things?"

The Singer laughed.

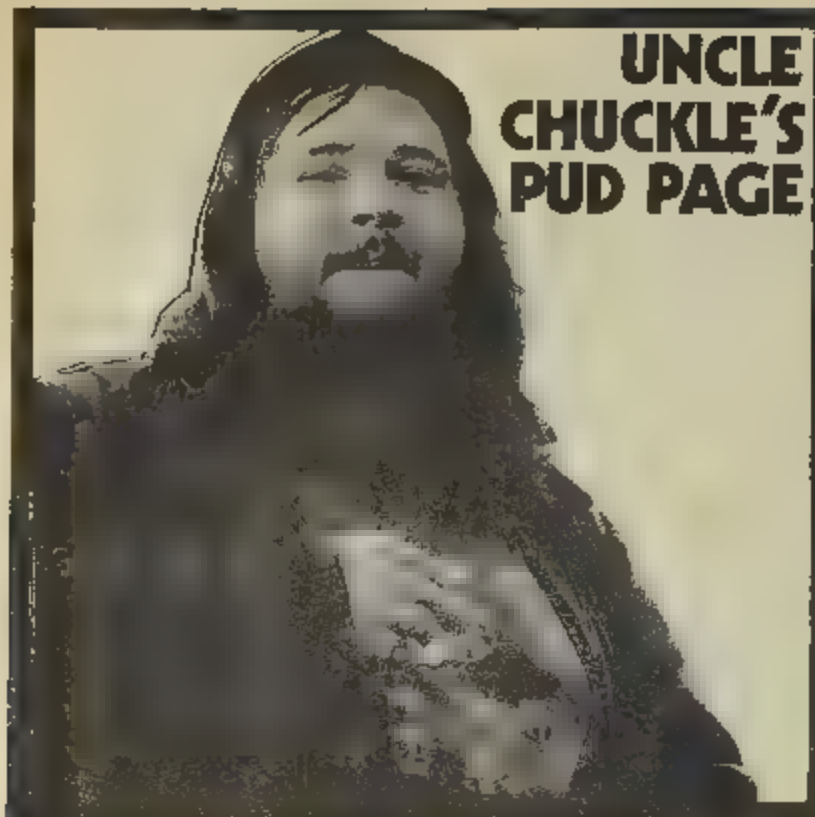
"Don't worry, have a drink."

He yelled for the roadie.

"Hey Charlie, mix some drinks."

A few moments later, Charlie emerged with a bottle of Jack Daniels and some glasses on a tray. He handed one to John Henry. He swirled the ice in his glass, and looked at the Singer.

continued on page 20



UNCLE CHUCKLE'S PUD PAGE

Epidemic!



THE CAULIFLOWER EPIC

1 Cauliflower, ½ lb Onions, ½ lb peas,
½ lb Sweet Corn, ½ lb Tomatoes,
½ lb mushrooms, 1 large can Creamed
Mushroom Soup, ½ lb Cheese, 2 Eggs,
2 lbs Potatoes, Mixed Herbs, Salt,
Pepper

Par boil potatoes, dissect cauliflower into medium sized pieces and par cook in a little salted, buttered water. Warm mushroom soup and add chopped mushrooms, salt and pepper (do not boil). Chop and lightly fry onions with a sprinkle of mixed herbs.

Cover bottom of casserole dish with the onions, cover the onions with cauliflower, pour the mushroom soup over cauliflower. Grate on about ½ lb cheese, cover all that with peas, cover peas with sweet corn, slice and onion, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover sweet corn. Slice the par-boiled potatoes and cover tomatoes, beat up both eggs and pour evenly over whole lot. Bake in hot oven 450° (Reg 8) until potatoes start to brown, remove from oven, layer complete dish with sliced cheese and grill till cheese browns, and when you've accomplished all that eat it.

SCOTCH EGGS

Hard-boiled eggs, 2 ozs sausage meat per egg, oil for frying, breadcrumbs and beaten egg.

Peel the hard-boiled eggs and roll in flour. Wrap each in fairly thin sausage meat, but do not stretch the factor or it will disintegrate on cooking. Roll in beaten egg, then breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat until brown. Cut in half when cold and please to serve with watercress or lettuce.

HAM AND EGG DOO-DAH'S

1 lb Ham, 4 Eggs, 1 teaspoon Flour,
3 slices Brown Bread, 1 lb Cooking Fat/Oil

Chop or mince the ham, beat eggs thoroughly. Mix eggs and ham well together. Rub or grate slices of bread into crumbs and add together with flour to ham and egg mixture to make a paste. Make the paste into balls, about the size of pigeon's eggs. Heat fat/oil until boiling and fry the doo-dah's for about 4-5 minutes until golden brown.

THE RHUBARB (ROOT)

Botanical Name: *Rheum Palmatum*
Common Names: Turkey Rhubarb,
China Rhubarb
Medicinal Properties: Vulnerary, Tonic,
Stomachic, Purgative, Astringent,
Aperient.

Rhubarb is an old-time remedy, very useful for diarrhoea and dysentery in adults and children. An excellent laxative for infants, as it is very mild and tonic. Excellent for use in stomach troubles. Will relieve headache. It stimulates the

gastro-intestinal tract, thereby causing the ejection of bilious materials. Excellent for scrofulous children with distended abdomens. Good for the liver, and cleans and tones the bowels.

("Back to Eden" by Jethro Kloss)

JUNKET

1 Pint Cows Milk, 1 tablespoon Castor
Sugar, 1-2 teaspoons Rennet

Warm milk to blood heat. Stir in sugar and add the rennet. Allow to set at room temperature. You must remember this horrid muck dished up for yer school dinner sometimes, but try it chilled before you serve and dish it up with lots of single cream and stewed fruit. Must be eaten same day as prepared.

ABOUT 40 LINZER SCHNITTEN

2 Eggs, 1½ cups Sugar, ¼ cup Butter,
¾ cups Flour, 1 teaspoon Baking
Powder, 2 teaspoons Cinnamon, 1 teaspoon
Powdered Cloves, ¼ teaspoon Salt, Rind
of 1 Lemon, Jam, Any other Egg, and
Another ¼ cup Sugar

Beat 2 eggs until light, beat in gradually 1½ cups sugar. Melt and add butter, sift together and add flour, baking powder, cinnamon, cloves and salt, grate lemon rind and add. Turn out on a floured board and knead until smooth and no longer sticky. Let stand for at least an hour, then roll ¼ inch thick. Cut in strips 1½ inches by 10 inches. Mark a groove down the centre of each strip with the handle of a wooden spoon. Fill the groove with your favourite jam. Put on a baking tray and bake at 375° Mark 5, for about 15 minutes until light brown. Beat together 1 egg and ¼ cup sugar and brush over the baked strips while they are still hot and cut immediately into diagonal pieces. (Makes about 40 or more).

GORDON BENNET'S OFFERING

½ lb Flour, 3 ozs Butter, 1 Egg Yolk
1 tablespoon Rum (can be omitted),
2 tablespoons Plain Yoghourt, ½ pint
Cows Milk, ½ lb Ground Almonds,
½ lb Sugar, ¼ teaspoon Sultanas,
Pinch of Yeast

Gordon Bennet says "Make pastry from butter, flour, egg yolk, yoghourt, yeast and rum. Allow to stand whilst the filling is prepared. Make a syrup of sugar and milk, add the almonds and cook on a slow heat for a few minutes, stirring continuously, don't boil OK? Right then, remove from heat, add nut of butter and sultanas and allow this filling to cool off. Meanwhile roll out the pastry very thinly, cut into two halves and place half of the filling into each. Roll them up and put into a greased tin. Brush the tops with egg white and cook in hot oven for about 40 minutes until golden brown."

Gordon Bennet also says "Genuine Good stuff"

...Catch on to the Firesign Theatre

The Firesign Theatre's brand of quirky humour has already reached epidemic proportions in America. It's the start of a new fad here too.

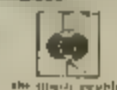
West End stores lucky enough to obtain import copies of the Firesign Theatre's albums have been selling them at a steady rate for some while.

Now it's your turn.

Sup into your record store today. They're both good for a laugh a million times over.

'Waiting for the Electrician or
Someone Like Him' 65129

'How Can You Be In Two Places At
Once When You're Not Anywhere
At all' 65130



the direct people

The dream is for a place in the country, a small piece of land, a few animals. Somewhere to live alone or share with your loved ones. Many of us spend a great deal of our spare time in serious or half-hearted pursuit of this ideal.

Often the nearest we come to our dreams is a camping weekend or a holiday spent with country friends. All too soon we are back in the city.

Now Britain is a small country, over crowded, civilised, they tell me. We have no deserts, no jungles to get lost in, even so there are still things we need to know. To be transported suddenly from the bright city lights to the dark country roads can be quite an unnerving experience. If you are used to the streetlights and ever-lit shop windows of the city then the dark of the country can be very dark indeed. What is more it is still possible to get lost in Britain: damaged or even attacked by friendly animals (e.g. cows) or unfriendly ones (e.g. the farmers' guard dog).

Once upon a time, in a vain attempt to conquer my fear of heights, I took up the sport of rock climbing. Every weekend along with many others, I headed for the Lake District and with sweating hands, trembling knees and a cold lump of fear in my heart I would make vague efforts to climb what were to me rather large steep hills.

Eventually the lure of the local pub and the warmth and safety of the campfire became more attractive. It was pleasant, not to say romantic, to wander across the lakeland hills in the moonlight. However, returning to the camp one night my girlfriend and I managed to get lost. The camp was not difficult to find, nor was it very far from the main road, yet somehow we took a wrong turning. It was dark, no moon that night. To our horror we found ourselves scrambling around on a very steep and slippery hillside without a match between us to light the way.

We did finally manage to find our way back to the camp, more by accident than anything else, but the memory of those few hours remains with me.

So, one of the first skills you need to develop for country life is the ability to find your way around a signposted area.

If you are walking in the country you should carry some matches or a lighter with you, a map of the area, and a compass. Even if you only intend to be out for the afternoon it is not a bad idea to carry an extra pair of socks, an extra sweater, some food and water as well.

The extent of many people's knowledge of what to do if lost in the country consists of the idea that you find a stream or river and follow it downhill until you reach civilisation. This is all well and good in settled country but even in Britain there are areas where this is not the case and having followed your stream you may still end up miles from anywhere. And this after having dodged marshes and fought your way over rocks and through undergrowth. Following a river downstream is certainly not a good idea if you are in the mountains, what way you come across waterfalls and suchlike obstacles.

Although to stay lost in Britain you would really have to work at it, even so be lost for an hour or two can be a terrifying experience to be avoided if at all possible. If you do stray from your path, the realisation that you are lost can produce a strong inclination to panic and thus make the situation worse.

So if you do lose your way: 1. Don't panic. 2. Sit down and think back. 3. Signpost in some way where you are. 4. Try to find your path again. 5. Return to your signposted site if unsuccessful.

In daylight hiking in a straight line in any direction should get one out of trouble. This can be done without a compass by continuously lining up of two objects ahead (e.g. two trees). On almost reaching the first object select another sight in line further ahead. And so on and so on.

ONWARD, EVER
ONWARD I TRUDGE,
BUT WITH A HEAVY
HEART!

BY JOY FARKEN



Sounds can lead you to safety, so can smoke. Walls and fences generally lead somewhere.

If you rely on sounds remember that it is sometimes difficult to tell from what direction a sound is coming. Turn the head until it seems loudest. Holding a hand over one ear may help, or closing the eyes to reduce distractions.

Remember that distances are deceptive. Multiply estimated distances by three. Some people prefer to measure distance by time. For example if you walk for three hours along a shore you may not know how many miles you have covered but if you return over the same route at a similar pace you should return close to your starting point.

Sun, stars, the prevailing wind, landmarks, all these may be used as a guide by the traveller.

Moss often grows thickest on the shadiest side of a tree. A tree in the open where the sun can reach it unimpeded all day will have moss growing on its North side. Growth rings exposed on the stumps of trees tend to be widest on the sunniest side, usually south. Tops of pine trees naturally point towards the East. Though allowances must be made for strong prevailing winds.

Something you must remember if walking in Britain is how quickly mist can fall. If you are caught by mist in the hills and can't or don't want to use your compass, then unless you are on familiar ground the best thing to do is to try and descend to a lower altitude.

If you are lost in the dark, one of your greatest dangers may be your own imagination. Terror can mount in the dark, all those childhood bogies come rushing back. It can become a major effort to look behind you. Just in case there really is something there waiting to pounce

upon you. Animal noises become frightening. Silence terrifying. If you have to move in the dark use your senses in a rough order of priority: 1. Sight where possible. Get your eyes used to the dark. Use your matches or torch only as necessary, but never trust your eyesight entirely in limited light. Pits can look like puddles. Cliffs a small drop.

2. Touch. Use your hands as antennae. Arms should sweep as wide an area as possible.

3. Memory. But don't trust it. It probably got you into the situation in the first place. Look for landmarks.

4. Sound.

5. Smell.

And if you do finally manage to find a path read try not to get run over by some road hog.

Maps. You don't have to have a super professional map unless you are using a compass. Draw your own as you go along, that way if you get hopelessly entangled you can always find your way back. If you do use a regular Ordnance Survey map you should know how to read it. Contour maps are the most valuable for wilderness use as they indicate valleys and mountains.

Compass. Most of us may never use a compass, but it is still a good idea to know how to. The compass was brought from the East by Marco Polo nearly seven centuries ago. You can make a temporary compass by first stroking an ordinary needle in a single direction with a piece of silk and then placing the now magnetised needle so that it will be free to turn. You can accomplish this more easily if you rub the needle with oil. A sufficient amount could be gathered by passing the thumb and forefinger over the nose and forehead. Now take two thin bits of grass or some other fibre and double them to form two loops in which to suspend the needle. Lower it carefully into still water. A tiny pool trapped by a stump or rock will do. If

you are careful the top of the water will bend noticeably under the weight of the needle, but the surface tension will still float it. The support may then be cautiously removed. The now free needle will turn until it is aligned with the north-south magnetic poles. If you have stroked the needle from head to tip the head will point north. (from "Skills for taming the Wilds" by Bradford Angier)

Remember that compasses do not point to true north. They are governed by the magnetic pole. Although the compass line to the magnetic pole is not constant all you have to know for ordinary purposes is the difference between true north and magnetic north, so as to be more easily able to read the map for your area. In Britain the magnetic north lies about 10 degrees west of the true north. Most maps show this magnetic variation but you can find it yourself if you know where to find the North Star. As the North Star lies almost exactly over the North Pole you only have to note the difference between where the North Star is and where your compass is pointing to find the variation.

A compass should have a luminous dial, otherwise you may find yourself wasting precious matches if you're lost at night. As compasses can go wrong and get lost it's quite a good idea to carry a spare one with you.

Don't use your compass near metal objects or camera exposure meters.

How to set a map. This will also help you to use a compass properly. Place the map so that the features on the ground correspond with the features on the map. Place the compass on the map so that the needle points to north on its dial and is also parallel to the north-south edges of the map. Then turn map and compass together until the compass needle points 10 degrees west of north.

A review
of
Dereck
Humphrey's
book
(Panther 40p.)

by
Jonathon Green



POLICE POWER & BLACK PEOPLE

Walking home one at night, half-stoned bag swinging from your arm, you are jerked from your reverie by a voice reaching for a hand next to your elbow. It's necessary a couple of His Majesty's men. A night, what are you doing? Where have you been? Where are you going? What's in that bag? You smile, he is did, you ain't come home, don't mess up around where the drugs? For answer, he in your hand's you an offer of well-known weed in your hand and with a few more His Majesty's hippie don't worry, we got you for a common. For minutes a law not detain you, then call of taking police and he's what it mean. A few when you reach home. Pigs man pigs.

But not a wrong if you're white that. Because however the police may come down on white ravers, students, or weirdies, if any white friend has a hand behind a just a few impeded a bit, you sat with a car and beat the hell out of it and so much. Not saying it happen to a Black. No, so a a.

The instant Liverpool couple of weeks ago were more by the race, but look in the case of undecided justities to have built up were the war between Black and White communities. Long and skinhead going fighting, but more his long estate with their Black opponents. In the city a system boredom, a frustration, the goal of a chaotic, a really stupid move by a local bureaucracy. You down two much needed youth centres for he down it. The summer holidays, a place that is not restricted. Liverpool is an outbreak of a conflict that stems from the growing belief and as events prove an extremely justifiable belief that for the Black there are no longer justice if equality he one he saw in England. In Liverpool or Cardiff or Manchester, Birmingham, Nottingham and Bristol, in every area where black people congregate where inner cities are formed and ghettos develop, there is the feeling that life has become not only an economic and social struggle, inevitable problems facing a community whose first arrivals were on the slave ships of the eighteenth century but a fight to maintain even basic human rights, top of the list being justice in the courts.

You don't, of course, end up in court without the extra intermediary being involved, the police. And police attitudes to Black people are without doubt worthy of this fascinating and at times frightening study by Derek Humphrey, already an award winner with his earlier book "Because They're Black". Without citing the specific cases in which he probes the just and wrong and arbitrary, a case beaings up in and out of the cells and a general rundown on police Black relations, a date it is increasingly obvious that the Black community just doesn't stand a chance once the doors of the meat wagon are shut or the net locked up. People are prejudiced, against Blacks as much as anywhere, and the police with their origins amongst the less educated, if sophisticated areas of society, have these prejudices in a measure. And in their turn the Blacks have very strong attitudes to the police. It is for an arrest of a Black in a public or a shot of neighbours to be carried out without an incident escalating from what might have been the most minor of causes. The sight of the police dragging away a brother's son, to call a crowd of fellow Blacks who are aggressively interested in why the police are taking their complaint away. At times there are cases of the man arrested being acquitted, while those people who choose to question police methods and procedures find themselves serving time in prison for assaulting an officer in the performance of his duty. Such events, and they are by no means isolated, hardly enhance police-community relations.

The attitude of the police to Blacks is one of

mystical cat on cat with abhorrence in the majority of cases. Blacks with big guns, with black houses, in respect alone, generally have who have managed to escape the ghettos conditions which white society has laid out upon them are immediately suspect. Police are depressingly fank they accept the police's rules, and are not happy to look the way to arise with looking the police. One must be in a state of a being in the state is all too prevalent and the police beat his bear witness to his enigma, his indignity, his tempers, that he is a lawbreaker, if he displays in his private life with a few means to help it. I would not doubt that many would police station, for instance, where he calls on the get into the cell, down the cells and about injured. It would be even more difficult to prove a case of police mistreatment to a police officer. Blue and on.

Given by a study, he idea of making a study of community relations become sad, a series of well-meaning, determined as they do from senior officers. He end it comes a great when the anti- in whose hands he are placed, may not believe to be a minority in question. One can PC, attempting to upgrade himself with a society, who refused him as a member of the force explains that there was a time when the average constable cared about the public, they are well gone. I doubt whether the prime factor in a PC's mind is the well-being of the public, his own well-being is his main interest. Promotion and a little from the grateful hourly for minimal pay is in every policeman's mind. A case, especially on drug cases, beloved by the senior men, mean promotion, why bother about community relations? Of course the policeman, lot is not a happy one. The shift system means that he rarely manages to have a month's living in a consistent state. He revolves more and more about the police station more than likely he is not in which he lives will have a couple of other policemen and their families. One cannot claim the force asks as a number one reward to ask. But that doesn't negate the fact that in the year ending March 1977 there were 27,378 applications to join up by Whites, 6,027 were successful.

"Police Power and Black People" could not have been written a decade ago, even if it might have been. It would simply have been discussed as a hysterical anarchy. Even now many people will characterize Humphrey as a nigger-lover and complain that the book is too black. But here they should go back home. The more cynical will say well, that's the way things are, and nothing's going to change them, a view which may well be all right. In reality this is an amazing book. Apart from the fictional "So You Bastard" it is the only book to look into the police objectively, to cut away the verbiage and political quantities of media and establishment, and show the forces of law and order for what they are: a little prejudiced, and a little depressingly human. It is a tragedy that human failings, when faced with the Black community, degenerate into mere inhumanity. One can forgive the one who can not condemn the other. The individualization of Blacks who come here, of better jobs, better and worse by the myth of England the beneficiary, mother of the Commonwealth, abused police methods. Their children and grandchildren, for whom the myth is known every minute of their lives, have not such illusions and are not prepared to be manipulated. Just let's supposedly blind, it's a pity that such an infirmity seems to keep her from noticing the inconsistencies with which she is portrayed. Black people have used the equal and just will not be offered as a tenable right. That will not stop them from taking them.

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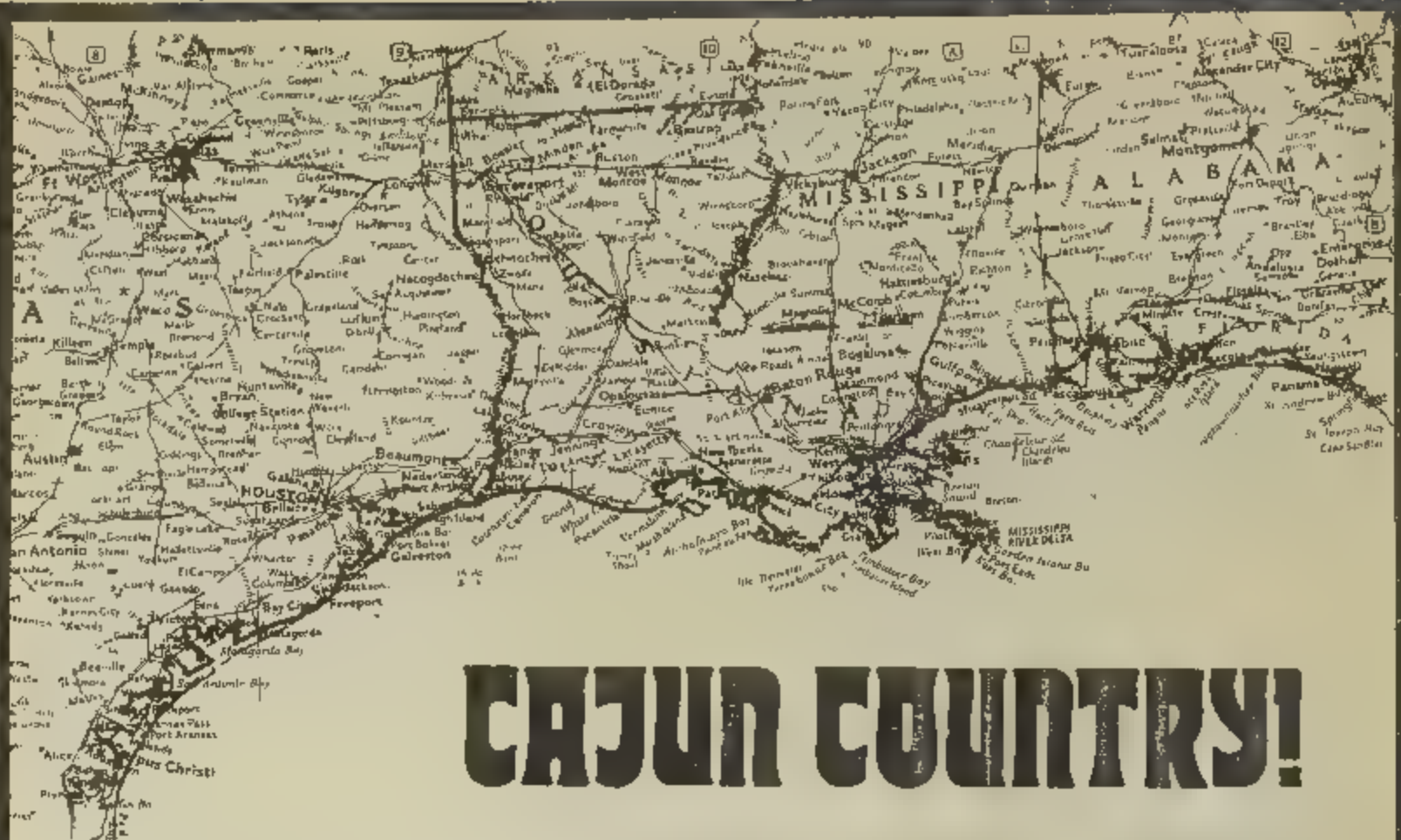
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LOOK!



Gumbo soup, snap beans, & blacks singing the blues in French grab ya? Read On.

THE ROOTS OF CAJUN MUSIC stretch back to the fields of Northern France, to Picardy and Normandy from which provinces came the settlers that colonised what we now know as Nova Scotia. They landed there in 1604 and called it Acadia. There they thrived until the conquest of French Canada by the British in the eighteenth century whereupon, because of their refusal to swear allegiance to the British Crown, they were summarily deported to Louisiana, the last remaining French colony in North America.

Here they settled in the backwoods around the bayous of Teche and Courtabeau amongst the Opelousa Indians. Eventually the U.S. government bought Louisiana from the French and the Acadians became American. They have, however, always resisted Americanisation and today they are a distinct minority group settled around the Texas-Louisiana border. Their Catholicism, their language and their strangely haunting music have combined to keep their culture separate and alive. Their name has been debased to 'Cajun' or even 'Ca-jun Coon' by the majority of the population which is fundamentally white, red-necked and Protestant. (After all, the KKK is dedicated to the eradication of Jews, Niggers and Catholics.)

The Acadians should not be confused with the Creole population, the other French speaking group in Louisiana, for the Creoles were the original settlers and their greatest concentration is in the eastern half of the state around New Orleans and Baton Rouge.

Cajun music is the music of accordions and fiddles. The words of the songs are in their own weird patois French and their atmosphere is distinctly rural. It is the music of the Saturday night Fais Do Do (party) when all the Acadian farmers gather together in a local bar or club, there's whisky and beer and spicy foods like jambalaya or even the amazing Gumbo Soup. The people dance and dance and the musicians play on in an ever increasing whirl of party time hysteria. This is the music of men like Leo Sosa, the Hackberry Ramblers, the Rayne-Bo Ramblers, Iry Le Jeune and Nathan Abshire. It is distinctly European music, with an ancestry that goes back to the tunes and instruments available in Northern France in the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries. At first the accordion is not an integral component of the music, but by the time the first recordings were made of Cajun music in the 20s, it had become universally popular along the bayous. An eerie sound and one that becomes even

stranger sometimes in the hands of the black musicians who inevitably took it up. In their hands the Cajun influence has been blended with the more commonplace blues structures to produce accord on blues, perhaps best exemplified today by Clifton Chenier, the most popular black accordionist in the Cajun belt.

This music is often referred to as Zydeco or Soudco, a term derived from a very popular tune played at country Fais Do Do called 'Les Haricots sont pas saés' (roughly 'Snap Beans Not Sa-t-y') and the phonetic slurring of 'Les Haricots' has produced 'Zodico'. Strictly speaking this is not Cajun music but black accordion music. Whatever it is, it is still extremely enjoyable and Clifton Chenier enjoys considerable popularity amongst white Cajuns. The so-called 'Cajun' music of rock stars Dr. John, Rebennack and Doug Kershaw isn't Cajun either, although they have most certainly absorbed its influences, but their music bears somewhat less relationship to that of Léo Sosa or Hobo Bertrand than the rock blues of Canned Heat (for example), does to that of Muddy Waters. Perhaps Leon Russell with his amazing slurred intonation and relaxed approach is the closest amongst today's performers, with a mass market in capturing the feel of Cajun music, but even then he's basically playing Leon, not Cajun.

To really get to know this stuff it is essential to get your hands on either records from the Arhoolie Catalogue or Old Timey Catalogue, both of which are distributed here by Transatlantic Records, although a few years back Jim Ted Artists were persuaded by Mike Leadbetter (of Blues Unlimited fame and infamy) to put out an album entitled 'From The Bayou'. This record contains more up to date material than on the Arhoolie records and is certainly worth searching out.

Whether or not Cajun music is sucked into the ever open maw of today's style hungry rock world or not, it's certainly worth acquainting oneself with, if only because of its vitality and curious charm.

Meanwhile, back at the Blue Goose...

BY M. KE LEADBETTER

OUTSIDE, the evening sun's going down. Dust from the dirt road clouds the air as an occasional truck passes on its way to town. Inside the tiny bar the summer heat is intense. A large fan tries to make up for the lack of a breeze and the beer is cold enough to make my face ache with the effort of getting it down. The voice of Johnny Reb blares from the juke-box. He's singing "Nigger Hat-n' Me". "There's just two things make me puke... that is a hog eat'n' slop and a big black spook!" But no one seems very interested, for the record's novelty value has long worn off. But this is South Western Louisiana and someone always has to play it. It's 1967 and there are race riots in Houston and Detroit, but here in the Bayou country all is quiet. Almost too quiet.

A gravel road leads to Eddie's Quick Service TV Repair Shop. It stands in Lake Charles Church Street by the over head freeway. Next door is a small brick building with an untidy neon sign that declares, "Goldband Records: Where The Hits Are Born." It's a somewhat primitive recording studio and in the control room sits Eddie Shuler, a small, wiry Texan. Eddie, or rather Mr. Eddie, once worked with the Hackberry Ramblers and now records the bulk of the area's Cajun releases. He can't understand French, not

even the Gumbo French of Louisiana's Acadians, but knows how to go: the sound that sells. Hobo Ben and, a large, heavy handed longshoreman, adjusts his trousers, which are held up with a piece of string, and starts squeezing his accordion. The country folks like his "Starval on Waliz" and he's about to put it on tape.

In the country lies the small, sleepy town of Mamou. This is the Cajun capital and all the locals speak French. Everyone seems to be a Thibodeaux or a Soileau. At least a dozen bars line the main drag and from one of these comes music: the sound of a fiddle and accordion band. It's Saturday morning and deejay Rayon Reed is doing his weekly "live" radio show on local radio. The time is 9:30 a.m., but already several people are a little drunk. While Rayon handles the commercials in French the musicians drink from bottles standing beside their chairs. Ambrose Thibodeaux records for the Swallow label in Ville Platte and is an honoured guest on the programme. When he sings, the audience stand in respectful silence. After the last request has been performed and the final commercial read out everyone laughs and then stamps their feet on the wooden floor. It's hard for a Cajun to be silent for long, especially in the presence of his favourite music man.

"If there's a race riot here," I take my shotgun to town and leave a lot of second-hand hats lying in the street," said Alphe

Bergeron. We were sitting on the porch of his sharecropper's home outside Church Point. It's hard to feel a moved or upset by his remark. Cajuns, a Catholic minority in a Protestant land, are bitterly tolerated by their Anglo-Saxon neighbours. To outsiders, they're con-men or "Cajun coones" - little better than the real thing. But they're not quite at the bottom of the social ladder and Alphe needs someone to vent years of frustration upon. He seems amused when I speak to "nigras" and I, too, without success, to imagine a society where white and black can exist as equals, living, as he does, in "Easy Rider" country. My odd appearance and sentiments are excused - in his guest.

The Blue Goose, outside Eunice - a large and rambling dance hall - features the Bergeron band every weekend. Saturday night is the weekly highspot for all Cajuns. No work on Sunday - that's a day for church and getting rid of bruises and hangovers. The music at the "Fais Do Do" is wild. Most of the men are in work clothes and straw hats. The women take off their shoes and dance. Everyone is very drunk and soon they start to fight and clown. When a pistol goes off the laughter is general. The band, sweating profusely, play on for hours - the atmosphere is electric. When the guitarist drops out from sheer exhaustion someone quickly steps in to take over. The entire Cajun population seems to be able to play one kind of

instrument or another. At the end of the night hours of the morning, cars hurtle down country lanes, their headlights blazing, spiking clangers and drunks back to farms amid the rice and maize fields.



Scrubbin' de ruboard

CLIFTON CHENIER
King Of The Bayous
(Arhoolie)

Transatlantic man. Nat Joseph, has managed to acquire the Arhoolie catalogue of obscure folk/blues artists, and is importing them for the specialist market.

Amongst the many fine albums in this collection comes the highly amusing (well, I found it so) Clifton Chenier and his band of French blacks. Clifton plays his particular approach to Zouk or Zydeco, which is the black's Cajun music, through his accordion and vocal chords while brother Cleveland scribbles dat ole rubboard and the pair of em, plus a line-up of guitar, bass and drums, eat on through two excellent, series of well recorded swamp blues

gumbo yum yum. Oh 'Josephine per sevine femme' (you little yummiy) or "Tu le son son ton" are two of the French orientated tracks, and I believe "I'll go back home" done Texas-Louisiana gulf coast style are superb. And if I like myself you have a warped sense of humour then blacks singing the blues in French will do it to yer "Tan na na."

BOSS.

CLIFTON CHENIER
Bon Ton Roulet
(Arhoolie)

When I first put this on my stereo I expected strange wailing, gumbo flavoured everything and chanting Dr. John style. The rhythmic clank of the Bayou country chain gang

the sweat from the Spanish Moss, the eerie calling of the Gris Gris across the murky waters of the swamp.

Thus I was surprised indeed when the cheery strains of "Let the Good Times Roll" came belting out of my speakers with a snappy accordion lead and French words. Of course I muttered "Bon Ton Roulet" "Bon Temps Roulet" ahh, tricked again by that Zydeco Frenchness.

Clifton Chenier is, it appears, the foremost exponent of the black accordion music of the French-speaking white people in the land around Port Arthur in Texas and Opelousa in Louisiana itself. Called Zouk music (derived from "Les Haricots") it's basically that natcheral, black rhythmic blues, with the well known driving beat but with French words and Cajun

instrumentation. The origins of it are obvious: the field hands of French Cajun farmers took to playing fiddles and accordions just as the workers on English speaking farms took up guitars and harmonicas.

Web Clifton and his little band certainly get it on here, rocking their way through Frog Legs, Baby Please Don't Go, Black Cat, Jole Blonde and the ever popular Bon Ton Roulet. In fact Jole Blonde and Bon Ton are probably the most popular and well known tunes amongst the Bayou country population both white and black. Clifton himself is very popular with black and white audiences and I presume when playing to a white Cajun audience he must throw in a bit more Cajun style music than he does on this particular record. I liked it its a merry record, cheerful stuff to stick on occasionally between the roaring rock sagas of today.

CHRIS ROWLEY

LOUISIANA CAJUN MUSIC VOL 3
The String Bands of the 1930s
(Old Timey).

This album is a must for those who might wish to understand what is meant by the term "Cajun" music. All taken from recordings in the 30s, it reflects strongly the dominance during that period of the fiddle in Cajun playing. Although in the 20s the accordion had swept the board, it had fallen into a subsidiary position by the time Leo Sorell and His Boys cut these tracks along with the Hackberry Ramblers and the Rayne-Ba Ramblers.

Wild wailing fiddles, French songs and Cajun yells, yes it's definitely ethnic stuff and damn good as well. The recording quality is inevitably a little lacking but it certainly isn't bad enough to spoil the music and although it's equally inevitably in mono, what should this really matter when Leo takes up that fiddle and lets things fly. Yeah, if you can dig up these Old Timey albums, either at your local store or from Collets or Dabells in London, they're well worth having a listen to. If you'd like to find out more about this particular area of Louisiana music and can't obtain the records then write to the Press Office of Transatlantic Records, 86 Marylebone High St, London W1. They distribute both Old Timey and Arhoolie, the two most comprehensive catalogues for Cajun music. Keep slurping that Gumbo and don't forget the sauce Piquante.

CHRIS ROWLEY



FILMS BOOKS

JUNIOR BONNER at the Astoria, Charles X Road, Dir. Sam Peckinpah

This is a boring pretentious film, which tries hard to explore the motivation, and actions of a rodeo rider, the pressure, pain, family ties that make up this wandering small-town superstar. Director Peckinpah obviously still pitting himself on the back for the success of *Straw Dogs*, has mixed up styles, and includes slow motion sequences of animal violence, huge bulls, calves, man's cunning versus the brute force of the animal. It doesn't work: primarily because so many nature films have done so much better.

I remember odd sequences which were pleasant to watch and where the atmosphere became slightly electric, but no way could the film sustain these bursts long enough to give one a buzz. A bummer.

GORDIAN TROELLER

SHAFT'S BIG SCORE at the Empire Leicester Square, Dir. Gordon Parks

Whatever your final analysis of the first *Shaft*, it was a departure from the usual private eye movie. *Shaft* actually went out on the street, and was somehow caught up in his community, and forged his own identity.

In *Shaft's Big Score*, the second in the *Shaft* Enterprises series, the hero loses a great part of his identity. *Shaft* is set against a limbo background, separated from the stark naked reality of mortal man's fight for survival in the gutter. He has become a Black James Bond, a superhuman aloof trouble-shooter whose encounters with his people are few and far between.

He has also become a victim of extensive expensive machinery and of an unbelievable death-defying inability to get hurt. The result is that *Shaft* becomes a two dimensional cat, floundering through a confused loveless knit plot in a chamber of a film, spoiled even further by Gordon Parks' carefully shot composition at the expense of the dramatic elements which make up a movie.

GORDIAN

FOLK DEVILS & MORAL PANICS (The Creation of the Mods and Rockers) by Stanley Cohen. Published by MacGibbon & Kee at £2.95.

More an indictment of the police, the magistrates and the popular press than anything else. Dr. Cohen is a lecturer in sociology at the University of Durham. He points out that the pressure of "norm-orientated groups" (e.g. the Mrs Mary Whitehouse Brigade) can get out of hand, eventually losing all sense of balance and control.

"Oversexed squalid wishful little concubines who hang about on these occasions, secure in the knowledge that retribution will not fall on them"—C. Standard.

The Mods and Rockers phenomena was a horror situation overwhelmingly encouraged by blaring Press headlines (only the *Times* kept reasonable control over its stories).

"How the Police Won the Battle of Brighton"

"Purple Heart Happy Hoodlums"

"The Town That Lives in Fear"

Now I don't particularly like Mods or Rockers. I certainly don't like gangs of bored teenagers who roam around towns cat-calling and being generally obnoxious. However to brand them as "violent criminals" is an undeserved compliment. Far from being hardened criminals many of the mods and rockers had no previous arrest record. In some ways, unpleasant as many of them may appear to be, they are victims. Dr. Cohen includes a story which he says is representative of the police, in which the action of the police is, to say the least, suspicious if not typical. "The boy claimed that he had been playing 'childish games' on the beach with other mods and came off the beach with a piece of wood which he had been kicking about on the sand. He tossed it on a pile of rubbish by the steps. A policeman said: 'Pick that up lad! It's like a foot I did. He arrested me and I was charged with carrying an offensive weapon. The boy saw that, faced with an apparent riot, the police needed to arrest somebody to deter others. He pleaded guilty in court because he thought it would be best to get it over with and was fined £75 for this and threatening behaviour (his first offence)."

Dr. Cohen also makes the point that many local shopkeepers whilst keen to take the youngsters' money, even to the extent, in some cases, of raising prices, treated them with scorn as being "not the type of customer they wanted". An interesting book.

JOY FARRER

THE WAY OF LIFE ACCORDING TO LAO TZU—translated by Witter Bynner. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. Published by the Firebird

And the Dignipomp



Press at £2.00 and £1.25 (paper).

"Ah" someone said when I showed them this book, "the oracle of the pacifists." Whether or not that is true is a matter of opinion. The important thing is that the words are beautiful, simple, accurate and thought-provoking. And one could hardly say there is no need to run

outside.

For better seeing, Nor to peer from a window. Rather abide At the centre of your being: For the more you leave it, the less you learn. Search your heart and see If he is wise who takes each turn: The way to do is to be."

YOU NAME IT (cont)

"So what are these problems?"

There was a long pause. The Singer stood up.

"You have to understand that a band in our position is subject to pressures that ordinary people are not even aware of. Every time we do a concert there are thousands of kids draining off our energy, using us to get where they want to be. This fact alone sets us apart."

John Henry thought he detected a hint of insanity in the Singer's sunken eyes, but he said nothing and let him go on.

"It makes us a very exclusive group of people. Our situation is unique, and when you came here with that drug we felt that it was maybe a unique experience that we would share with no one except a few cats way out in the bush. It seems unlikely that any more of the stuff would show up, and our exclusive high is complete. We have it to ourselves, except for one detail. You also took some."

John Henry looked around. They really did have an air of insanity.

"I... I don't understand."

"It's very simple. This drug you brought gave us a unique opportunity to do a thing that, excluding a bunch of Indians, nobody would share with us, nobody would rip us off for our energy. You dig?"

John Henry nodded. The Singer carried on.

"In a space where people are forever vamping on us, this... ah, exclusiveness is very important. The only thing that spoils it is you."

"Me?"

"You also took the stuff. It spoils our exclusive situation, and there is always the chance that you might come up with some more and start spreading it around."

"It's unlikely I'll find any more."

"But it's always possible."

"I could guarantee that no more shows up."

The Singer shrugged.

"Maybe. There's still the problem that you have also taken the stuff."

"I don't see what I can do about that."

A childlike smile spread over the Singer's pale face.

"There's nothing you can do. In fact, we already solved the problem for you."

A twinge of fear grew in John Henry's stomach.

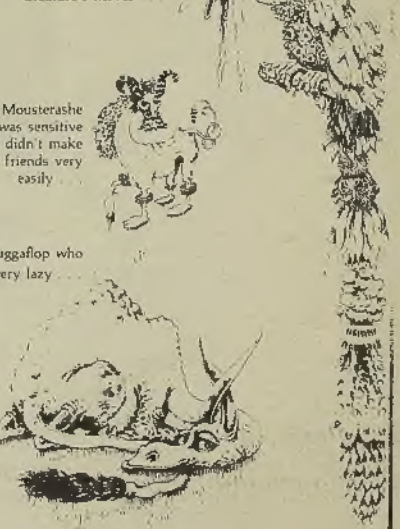
"What're you talking about? What do you mean?"

The Singer's smile broadened.

"We poisoned you. It was the drink."

John Henry tried to stand up but his legs collapsed under him.

And the Hunchback whose dreadful croaking always got on the Yellow Creature's nerves



The lonely Mousterashe who was sensitive and didn't make friends very easily

And the Guggaflop who was very, very lazy

THE VELVET UNDERGROUND
Live at Max's Kansas City
(Atlantic)

The Velvet Underground were New York's premier rock band. Max's Kansas City still is a club that makes the *Spontaneous* something like a pale reflection of the *Darby* and Joan get-togethers. A couple of years ago a Velvets fan outed with her mono cassette during a performance of the one at the other and came away with the contents of this cheapo album (a cut in price, the liner notes assure us, that comes from the lack of studio costs, not cos the Velvets are crummy).

Live albums are always hit'n'miss affairs. Even if the 'live' qualities are the amalgamation of the sixteen track tapes of a dozen separate gigs. Some nights it comes together, others things just don't happen. Truly live albums, i.e. bootlegs (and this is called 'the first legitimate bootleg'), more often than not sound ghastly. Take the unimpressive version of 'Gee Yee Ya Ya' when the Stones appeared, duly white-labelled, without the tender ministrations of the John and the Jagger. It was really nasty, and half the time they weren't even in tune.

In the case of this offering from the Velvet Underground, the tunefulness is relatively all there. They sing a choice selection from their first, third and fourth albums: 'Waiting for the Man', 'Sweet Smell of Success', 'Pome Fatale', 'Pale Blue Eyes', etc. etc. and if the mono tones of Bright Folk's machine come over a little thin, there's a delight in finding out what the band can do out-studio. One thing that may really get the kids back home off, but leaves this reviewer strangely unmoved, are the frequent on-mike comments like 'Got the Pernod, man, oh, you had to go to the other bar.' and 'Got a downer... is that Taboo, far out...'

accompanying by random groans gurgles and all the explosives of a fun-ripped evening down at Max's treading passage.

To say it's a fine album, with exquisite sound, fine phrasing, etc. etc. would be bullshit. It is, on the other hand, a great historic document, so to speak, and a must for all Velvet Underground fans. Right. O'night.

JONATHAN GREEN

JERRY LEE LEWIS
The Killer Rocks On
(Mercury)

The description 'Killer' has recently been mouthed so often by fools and babes during Jerry Lee's last trip over here, that it has stuck as almost his middle name. He is seemingly glad to assume this cloak, but on this showing, it doesn't fit. If this is representative of him today, there he is showing signs of his age.

To be fair, the choice of material was probably by his producer, and the arrangements forced upon him by Cam Maflins (whoever he is), so the bored tone in his voice and playing is not so surprising.

Unlike the energies poured so readily into his earlier gems, these have no commitment from him, he is merely singing a number of songs to fulfil his contract and fill out his next release. And it is a strange mixture: 'Don't Be Cruel' (again) is refined, too fast, and with girly chorus. 'Turn On Your Love Light' and 'Shokup Man' are 1967 (and appeared on *Soul My Way* in that year). 'Me and Bobby McGee' is vintage 1971: and the rest is this year.

Putting the two from 1967 on this is a bit of a rip-off, but the biggest shame is putting Jerry Lee in a showbiz straight-jacket. I for one don't appreciate him performing like an Elvis at Madison Square

ROCK

Gardens; in tuxedo, surrounded by strings, and musically de-masculated. Compare 'Games People Play' (yes, he's forced to do that) with the non-Mallins 'Lonely Weekends'. The latter has meat, a reckless headlong rush, an insistent driving bass undercurrent, the piano out of breath but just in front, and the voice with conviction. I liked 'Me and Bobby McGee' and 'Chantilly Lace', but they're the only two to have climbed above the welter of arrangements, and anyway, I like my Jerry Lee unfettered.

MICHAEL J.

UNICORN
P. F. Sloan
(Big T-ingle)

Who P. F. Sloan?
"No one knows where he has gone."

Who P. F. Sloan?

Yup, no one knows where he has gone, probably lost in the world of show biz somewhere, but he has left behind him an obscure image from the days when the protest song was chart material. You old protesters just have to remember Barry McGuire's 'Eve of Destruction' (penned by Sloan) and Sloan's own remarkable 'Sins of a Family'.

So it does seem an oddity when a "soft rock band" called Unicorn devote the top side of their single to the remembrance of this man. It's very pleasant, non-offensive stuff, catchy chorus, ditto guitar, reasonable production, but doesn't quite live up to P.F.'s personal lyrical heaviness. Nevertheless, I've added it to my 500+ single collection!

BOSS

BILLY JOEL
Cold Spring Harbor
(Philips)

It's being whispered all round the music world in reversed hushed tones. Billy Joel is coming. Some are working towards making him the sort of magnified cult figure that James Taylor and Elton John became, certainly Philips are excited. So let's see what this 12-inch was holds.

This is obviously a first effort; obviously not through any roughness of quality, but through the keenness he has to commit these songs to disc to present to us. While being delightfully thought-out and

carefully packaged, they betray a slight air of a young boy excitedly reciting a newly-learned poem to relatives. The songs are strong statements, personal statements, written for himself and used to make up the L.P., rather than specifically composed for it; and his voice is a nice foil. It has an individual quality, haunting, rather reminiscent of a French voice, pubescent almost to the edge of straining. To top all this, he is very ably supported by experienced session men, especially Joe Osborn and Larry Knechtel, both on bass. The former has recently appeared with George Gerdes, and on Dory Previn's last two L.P.s; and the latter is a man from way back—a Rebel behind Duane Eddy from 1959 to way past '65, but very recently on L.P.s by Jesse Davis and again Dory Previn. Joel himself plays organ, harpsichord, and harp, and the instrument that dominates piano.

The result being so conventional at times left me slightly breathless, but he is certainly a very talented lad; and the songs are all enjoyable, especially 'Why Judy Why', which, by the way, touching it almost made me cry.

MICHAEL J.

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
Long John Silver
(Grunt)

It's very loud and they're all very busy playing away, songs about milk trains, American boys and their machines, pyramid and scamp being made into a billion years ago. The infamous song about Jesus swiping Mary Magdalene, so offensive that RCA left out that passage from the lyric sheet, but somehow it doesn't feel as powerful, exciting or relevant as all of their other albums have done.

The lyrics on so many of the songs seem too light for the work behind it which is good, Papa John Creach and all. The problem would seem to be that they have produced so many brilliant albums that this doesn't come near them. The packaging has been designed so that by poking small bits of cardboard out of big bits of cardboard you can, with a modicum of dexterity, end up with a stack box. Nice, eh. This does, however, leave you with a pretty thin record sleeve.

GES COX.

JOHN STUART ANDERSON
The Frankenstein Passion
(Lansdowne)

We got an invitation to the press release of this album a long time ago, went off and entered the Church (?). Is this the right place, we thought, as we entered the lower parts of the Church. A couple of monks cowered up to the eyebrows came up and gave us each a glass of wine. So we passed the parish of the enails and had a loaded evening listening to John Stuart do the parts of the Passion, and play the Devil and the Doctor.

John Stuart is an orator. He does gigs in England, but mainly in the States, to audiences who die the theatrical delivery of what are cameos.

I quite like the album, probably not on the level that it was made. It's strange without being weird, but could be used to spook those of a nervous nature. Just come round your way and sit there. Turn the lights off and feel the cold sweat oozing from your guests.

GES COX



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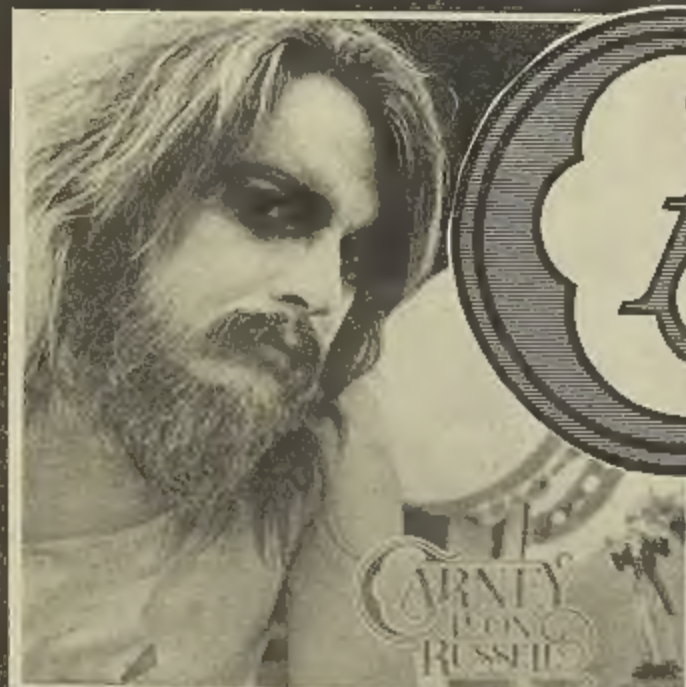
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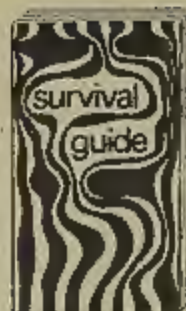
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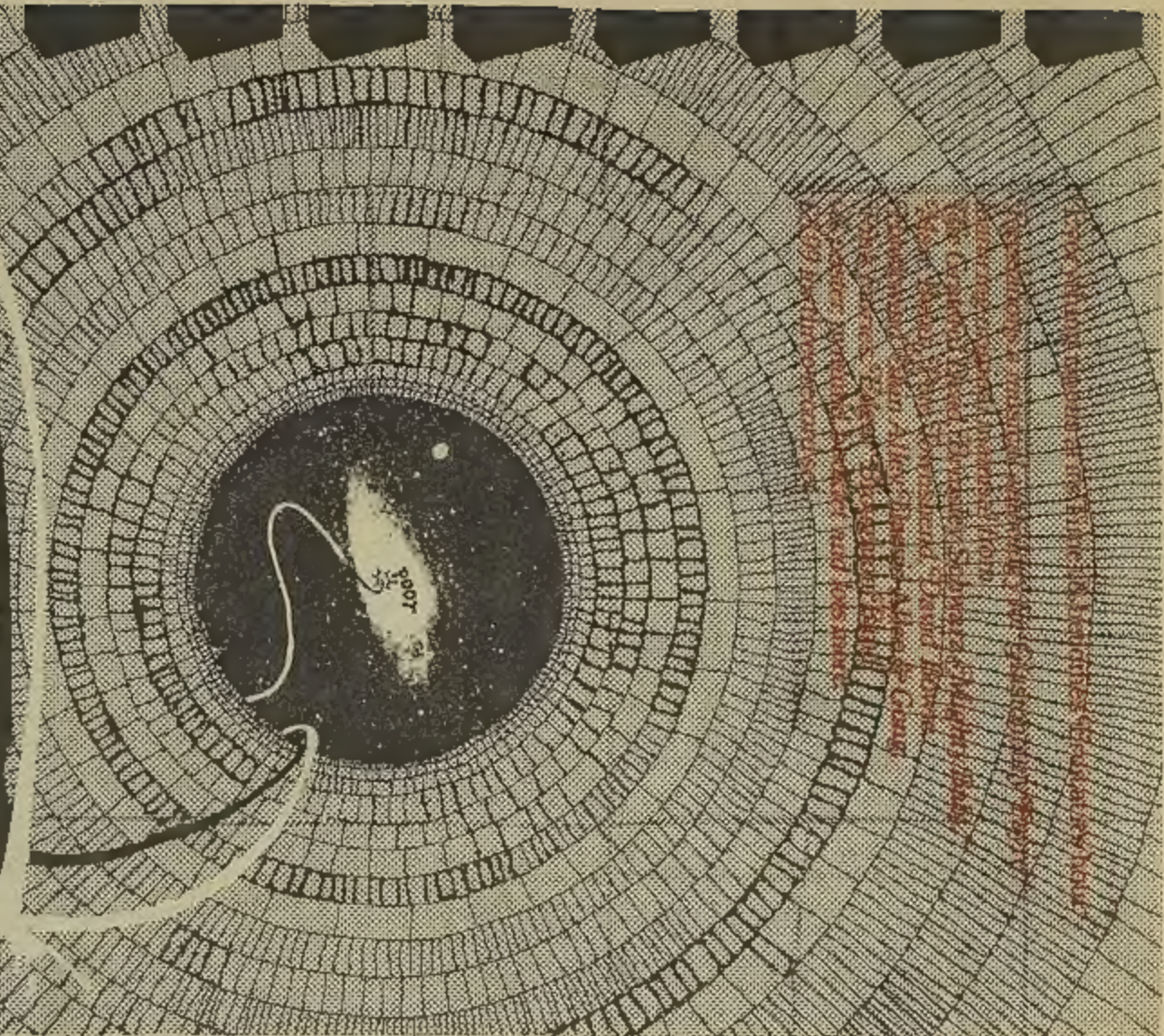
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